THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Transactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diversion interesting to the Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For AUGUST 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of *Harriers*, and an excellent Plate of a Hunting Adventure of Henry IV. of France.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; WILLIAM BURREL's Circulating Library, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

Our Printer omitted in the Title page of the laſt Number, to mention the ſecond Plate given in that Number; the reading ſhould have been "Embelliſhed with a beautiful Etching of "*Bear Hunting*, and a maſterly Engraving by SCOTT, from a "Painting of Marſhall's, of *Dabſter*, a celebrated Fox-hound "belonging to the Berkeley Hunt."

N B. Some account of this Hound is promiſed for our next Month's Magazine.

Marshall, pinx.t J. Scott, sculp.t

DABSTER, A CELEBRATED FOX HOUND, BELONGING TO THE BERKELEY HUNT

Published Aug.t 1, 1797, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

Howitt in et f.

HARRIERS.

Published Sep.r 1 1797 by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For AUGUST, 1797.

HARRIERS.

INTRODUCTION TO A SET OF PLATES TO BE ETCHED.

FIRST PLATE.

OUR Subſcribers, we hope, will not be diſpleaſed to hear, that we mean this Plate as a ſpecimen, and the firſt of a ſeries which will compriſe all the ſpecies of Dogs *commonly uſed in hunting*, and of *Animals uſually hunted in Great-Britain*. It will include the Harrier, the Fox-hound, the Terrier, the Stag-hound, the Otto-hound, the Spaniſh and Engliſh Pointer, the Spaniel and the Greyhound, with (as in the Plate annexed) the appropriate objects of purſuit; they will be deſigned and etched by the ſame artiſt, who, to our own knowledge, is not unuſed to field ſports; and as the ſpirit of the chaſe is ſtrong in him, we expect he will do his beſt in the compoſition and execution of theſe ſubjects.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE ITALIAN MONK.

A Serious Muſical Play, founded upon the Italian of Mrs. Radcliffe, was on Tueſday night, Auguſt 15, performed for the firſt time. It is the production of Mr. Boaden, the ſucceſsful author of *Fontainville Foreſt*, *The Secret Tribunal*, &c.

THE CHARACTERS.

Schedoni . .	Mr. Palmer
Vivaldi . .	Mr. C. Kemble
Paulo . . .	Mr. Suett
Anſaldo . .	Mr. Aicken
Spalatro . .	Mr. R. Palmer
Counteſs . .	Mrs. Harlowe
Olivia . .	Miſs Heard
Fioreſca . .	Mrs. Bland
Roſalba . .	Miſs De Camp

SKETCH OF THE STORY.

Schedoni, in the preſent Play, is a man of unbounded paſſions. He diſſipates his fortune by prodigality, and he ſlights the woman he had married. He is jealous without love, and upon doubtful grounds ſtabs her, when the ſuitor whom he thought her paramour fled from his vengeance. He quits his country with precipitation. His wife does not fall a victim to this jealouſy; but indignant and deſerted, flies to a convent herſelf, and leaves her daughter to the care of her aunt. That aunt changes her name, and with her niece, goes to reſide at Naples.

Schedoni, eighteen years after the imagined death of his wife, having made his profeſſion, becomes the ſpiritual guide of the Marchioneſs Vivaldi. His former ambition is ſeen corroding through the cowl, and he ſeeks to involve her in ſome act that ſhall be a bond of crime, and make over to him the powerful influ-

 ence

ence of her family. The young Count Vivaldi, becomes enamoured of Ellena Di Rosalba, whose aunt is now dead. The Marchioness and Schedoni strive to frustrate this union. At last she is taken to a lonely cottage by the sea-side, and Schedoni discovers her to be his daughter. Vivaldi is carried to the prison of the Inquisition at Rome, for menacing Schedoni while employed in the act of confession. Upon discovering his daughter, Schedoni, discerning how he had laboured only to defeat his own object, hastens to Rome to release the Count, and bestow upon him his Ellena.

Ansaldo, who was the suitor, though unprevailing, of Schedoni's lady, also enters the church, and sitting in the confessional chair some time after the event, hears the confession of Schedoni. Knowing himself to be the lover, he studiously observes the conduct of Schedoni, and unknown to him, becomes a brother of his order. He labours to defeat his designs, and finally, when he judges the heart of Schedoni, changed by the discovery of his daughter, and his disposition fitted for felicity, restores to him his long absent wife, and reveals himself at a moment, when every circumstance seemed to threaten the repentant Monk with assured destruction.

From the above sketch it appears, that Mr. Boaden has adhered very closely to the incidents of the original; and when the difficulty of transferring the interest of a three volume Novel, which is for the most part furnished by desciption, to a Play, which can only take up two or three hours in representation, we may very heartily congratulate him on the successful execution of his task.

The principal merit of the Italian Monk, in his dramatic shape, is that of language, which is throughout highly poetical, vigorous and refined. There are few modern Authors who have put together better dialogue, or more to the purpose, than is introduced in the present drama. Without any laboured endeavour after imitation, it approaches nearer to Shakespeare than any which has been written a long time.

The interest commences early in the play, and is kept up in a very masterly manner to the close. The scene between Schedoni and Ellena, when the Monk discovers his daughter in the person of his intended victim, is highly wrought up indeed. The interview also between Vivaldi and the monk of Poluzzi, in the prison of the inquisition, is managed with infinite judgment.

We have not space to enter at large into the merits of the production, but have no scruple in affirming, that in point of strength of character, and incident, it is superior to most pieces that we have seen.

The music does not add considerable to the fame of Dr. Arnold; but there is a little air by Mrs. Bland, which struck us very forcibly. It will be found in the poetical department of our Magazine.

The scene of the ruins of Poluzzi, with a distant view of Vesuvius does infinite credit to the taste and executive abilities of Marinari.

The Play was received throughout with the most unbounded applause, and will, no doubt, be attractive for the remainder of the season.

The House was crowded with fashion.

The

The following, we confeſs, has no alluſion to Sporting, excepting the few lines of Poſtcript; yet as it may prove entertaining to our Readers we give place to it, on the double conſideration of wiſhing to pleaſe them, and the Correſpondent who ſent it.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

THE recent diſcovery of the remains of King John in our Cathedral, will no doubt attract the attention of your readers; I have therefore taken the liberty of ſending you an exact account of the ſituation of the King upon the tomb being opened.

The Cathedral has for ſome time paſt been ſhut up, on account of the thorough repair which it is now undergoing, and in order to make ſome alteration in the choir, it was deemed expedient to remove the tomb of King John, to the place where it was ſuppoſed his body was interred. The workmen accordingly proceeded to take off the figure of the King, which covered the top of the tomb: upon removing which, to their great ſurprize, they diſcovered the ſkeleton of the King lying at full length, in the ſtone coffin beneath. The Dean was immediately ſent for, and the inhabitants of this place having heard of the diſcovery, proceeded in great numbers to view the royal remains: they were not diſappointed, for the Dean had given the Sextons directions to admit a convenient number at a time, and thus was the curioſity of moſt of the people of Worceſter fully gratified. As the accounts which have appeared in the public prints differ very widely from the truth, I ſhall proceed to ſtate minutely every thing which ſtruck my attention. It is ſuppoſed the body was wrapped in a crimſon damaſk robe, the colour of which had nearly periſhed by time; the cuff was viſible on the left arm; part of his ſword lay on his left ſide, and parts of the leather ſcabbard. The robe had been tied acroſs the ancles; part of the knot remained on the left ancle. The right leg did not lie ſo ſtrait as the left, from which it appeared to have been contracted: part of the ſhin-bone of the right leg and that of the right arm, were ſeen below the elbow; the upper jaw, with teeth, lying near the right elbow, and the bone of the left arm out of its place, and lying ſlantways on his breaſt. A quantity of white paſte appeared in ſeveral lumps on and below his belly, which had probably been poured into the body, on the heart and bowels being taken out: on breaking a bit of this paſte, it was mixed with the ſkeletons of maggots, or flies, of which a great quantity lay on and about the body. On the right cheek of the ſkull was a ſharp point about half an inch long and ſome grey hairs appeared under part of the cap, which ſeemed to have fitted his head very tight, and appeared to have been buckled under the chin, part of the ſtraps remaining. The robe had the appearance, in many parts, of being embroidered, particularly about the right knee. The coffin was laid upon the ſame level as the floor of the choir, the inſide being even with the ſurface of the pavement. There was no other top to the coffin than two maple boards which appeared perfectly ſound. King John was buried in the year 1216, and it is now aſcertained, that the body was depoſited here, and not in the more eaſtern part of the church,

as was supposed. The singular circumstance of their being no record of the place of interment in the archives of the Cathedral, is now obviated. Whether his body lay under the tombstone or not, has occasioned much enquiry and investigation. Most of the authors who have treated upon it, have left their readers in a state of incertitude and doubt; and where they have ventured their opinion, it has been generally wrong. This tomb was opened in the time of Dean Waugh, which I am well convinced of, from the following circumstance: An old gentleman of my acquaintance, to whom I was relating the news of the day, had heard of the opening of the tomb, and begged me to go to the Cathedral, and bring him an exact account of every thing I might see, which I accordingly did. "In return" says he, "for your kindness, I will impart a circumstance to you, which very few know any thing about. In the time of Dean Waugh, it may be about forty years ago, the Cathedral was then being repaired, and something was to be done to King John's tomb. The Dean, no doubt, excited by curiosity, resolved not to lose so favourable an opportunity as then offered, of opening the tomb, and imparted his wish to Davis, the sexton, whom he desired to attend at a stated hour the next morning, with a stout labouring man, for the purpose of putting his design in execution. The sexton (Davis) and his companion attended at the time appointed, and the tomb was opened in the presence of Dean Waugh, Mrs. Ellistone, and another lady, whose name I do not now recollect; it was instantly closed, and no other person was permitted to see it. Davis has since told me, that when it was first opened, the body of the King was first found quite perfect, but that it gave way on the slightest touch, and the Dean desired him to tell no one of what had happened. Thus," said my friend, "that which has created such astonishment at the present moment, I have known these forty years ago." All I can say to support the authenticity of this account is, that the gentleman who related the circumstance to me, is a respectable and independant character, well known in the city of Worcester, and is ready to come forward at any time to vouch for the truth of it.

Green, in his History of Worcester, vol. i. p. 67, gives the following account of the tomb of King John, which may not be uninteresting to such of your readers who have not the book to refer to. "A simple stone coffin, with his figure upon it, of the thirteenth century, raised a little above the surface of the earth, was all the memorial left to posterity to contemplate the personal character of a monarch, to whom it has casually been so much indebted. This stone was removed at the Reformation, for the evident purpose of perpetuating, in the public mind, the new policy of that important æra. The influence of papal authority having been compelled to yield to regal supremacy, the image of that same king, whom two centuries before had been basely surrendering his dignity and his crown to that overwhelming tyranny, was now brought forward, and most appositely made, the visible sign of that important part of the Reformation having taken full effect in the church of Worcester. But his corporeal remains, as if unworthy to assert a right so legitimate and just, were left to their repose in obscurity and neglect

lect, and in ſo marked a manner, as *at this time* it remains a queſtion we ſhall endeavour to reſolve." For that purpoſe, Mr. Green refers to p. 35, of Doctor Thomas's Survey of this Cathedral, by Mr Dougharty, to whom the author had preſented it. It is ſtated July 24, 1754, "on examination, the ſepulchre of King John was within the tomb. It is of Purbeck marble, the ſame with the relievo, and is painted of a vermilion red ground, ornamented with lions in *or*; the ſarcophagus is covered with wood, over which are ſome flat ſand ſtones, the reſt filled with rubbiſh. When it was firſt depoſited, the figure lay on the ſtone coffin; both were environed with gilt palliſadoes, which I ſuppoſe were deſtroyed in 1651, after which the preſent embelliſhments of the ſides were added. *His body remains within.*" In the firſt edition of the ſame work, p. 40, the late Rev. Mr. Garbett, has noted in his copy, in the poſſeſſion of Dr. Naſh, "That there is within the tomb a ſepulchral caſe, or ſtone coffin, adorned with nine lions, and a plank over it, *but no bones were found in it.*"

"On theſe informations," ſays Mr. Green, "I have only to remark, that both agree with reſpect to a ſepulchral caſe being within the tomb, and as to its decorations; but it appears, that although the firſt concludes by ſaying, "His (King John's) body remains within," (that ſepulchre) yet that it had not been examined, whereas, the latter ſtates, "but no bones were found in it," which only could have been known from actual inſpection.

I have made theſe extracts for the purpoſe of ſhewing the different opinions relative to the place where King John was interred; but being fearful I have already intruded too much on your goodneſs by this long letter, I ſhall take my leave of Green's Hiſtory of Worceſter, and the ſubject of this letter: and hoping this will be worthy of a place in your uſeful Miſcellany,

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours, &c.

Worceſter. I. A.

P. S. A gentleman has actually angled with ſome of the maggots found in the coffin of the King, and it is true, though a curious fact, that he caught ſome very fine bleak, with which he treated his friends.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE following fact, which is told on undoubted authority will give our readers ſome idea of the extraordinary plenty of moor game this ſeaſon:—On Friday, Auguſt 18. a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lauder, laid a bet with the factor of the Earl of Lauderdale, that the latter ſhould not kill twelve brace of grouſe on his lordſhip's moors in that neighbourhood on the day following. The whole day from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet, was allowed for performance.—About ſix o'clock on Saturday the 19th, the Earl's factor ſet out with a couple of pointers and a ſingle fowling piece only; and before half paſt eleven, conſiderably within five hours after coming on the ground, he killed no fewer than fourteen brace. Upon which, with the true ſpirit of a ſportſman, ſo different from that of a ſlaughtering poacher, he returned home without firing another ſhot; though had he continued the purſuit through the courſe of the day, there was no doubt but he could have eaſily won his bet twice over.

KILLING

KILLING A DOG.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Fletcher v. *Chambers.*

THIS action was brought to recover a satisfaction in damages for killing the Plaintiff's dog, &c.

Mr. Erskine said, if his instructions were true, they must excite the honest indignation of every man of feeling at the conduct of the defendant, which was extremely disgraceful to human nature. Humanity was the best and most amiable quality of the human mind; and the Great Author of Nature had given to the inhabitants of this island more humanity, kindness, and benevolence, than to any other nation under Heaven: and that affection was not confined to the human race, but extended itself in various degrees to the whole animal creation. The defendant lodged with the plaintiff, who had a small bitch terrier, for which he had contracted a great affection. She used to alarm the house when any strangers made their appearance; and it was unnecessary to state, that a little waiter of this sort in a house in the suburbs of this town, where they could not afford to keep a number of servants, was of extreme importance to warn them before they were pillaged of their property, or had their throats cut. One day the defendant, in an amorous or mad fit, was pulling the maid-servant about, and using some indecencies, when this little bitch snarled at him, and thereby shewed a degree of decency and decorum which he had not. By this means the attention of the plaintiff was directed to this business, who called him in question for the impropriety of his conduct. If he had killed this bitch in a moment of passion, he would by no means have been innocent; but that was not the case; some days after, seeing this little animal asleep on a cushion, with a little family of its own, he seized it, and barbarously dashed its brains out on the pavement. Though in the estimation of man, that was not murder, yet he believed it was in the eye of the Great Author of Nature, inasmuch as it was a cruel and malicious taking away of a life which the Author of Nature had given it, as much as he had given life to him who took it away. But here they were on the subject of property. The law of England, as well as the Roman law, regarded the *pretium affectionis*. That is, it did not consider what value a dealer in dogs might have set on such an animal, but what it was worth to the proprietor of it, and estimated the loss accordingly.

As the learned Counsel was proceeding, Lord Kenyon asked him and Mr. Perceval, leading counsel on the other side, if they would refer it.

They said they were perfectly ready to do whatever his Lordship pleased.

Lord Kenyon said, he wished it to be referred to some gentleman of feeling and honour, to say what ought to be done on the whole of the case. His Lordship recommended Mr. D. P. Coke to settle the business, and who undertook it. The reason, his Lordship said, why he recommended it to be referred was, that he entertained some doubt whether the pleadings would have let in this case as they ought, without a new assignment.—Referred.

TREA-

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 190.)

OF A FISTULA IN THE WITHERS.

THIS disorder generally begins on the top of the withers, and is small at first, but it soon increases and spreads on both sides, often reaching down to the shoulders and forwards toward the neck, which impostumates and turns sinous unless taken in time. Sometimes it is confined to one side only, though the other may be a little swelled. It may proceed from bruises of the saddle, or the poll evil, in the same manner as in fevers. When it is caused by a bruise, it is not dangerous, and may be repelled with safety. When it breaks on one side only, and the swelling on the other subsides, it may be cured in the same manner as any other abscess. If in both sides between the spines, the cure will be difficult. That between the sinews of the lowermost rack-bones is of a very bad kind, and if cured causes a deformity. When there are several sinusses that communicate with each other, the cure is generally impracticable.

When the swelling is caused by the saddle or a blow, bathe it with hot-vinger; if that fails, mix half an ounce of white vitriol with a quart of vinegar; but the vitriol must be first dissolved in water. This will reduce small swellings in a short time. When the swelling is hot, or when little hot watery pimples arise, there is an ulcerous disposition, which may be prevented with the following mixture:

Boil two ounces of sal-armoniac, or a handful of woodashes, in a quart of water: then pour off the clear, and mix it with half a pint of spirits of wine.

Bathe the eruption with this first, and then anoint it with linseed oil to soften the skin. Aqua fortis may be applied once in two days, but then it burns off the hair, and makes the swelling turn to a quaggy ichor, which will cast off sloughs and abate the swelling, leaving a scar with a little baldness. Oil of vitriol will do the same: or white vitriol mixed with vinegar and spirits of wine

When this tumour is the consequence of a fever, it must never be repelled, but ripened with ointment of marsh-mallows, mixed with a little oil of turpentine; or a poultice made with a pint of rye flour, six ounces of hog's lard, four ounces of ointment of marsh-mallows, and four ounces of oil of turpentine, mixed and warmed in a pipkin. The swelling must be always covered with a cloth under his body-cloth till it breaks.

The abscess should break of itself, or at least be very ripe before it is opened, which may be known by its softness. It may be opened with a hot iron, small at the point, but neither round nor sharp. Empty the abscess, and put in a leaden probe to discover which way it turns, that you may open it still farther. This opening should be made downwards from the orifice a little slanting, as far as the hollowness reaches, which is best done, by an half round firing iron made hot. This may prevent a fistula. When there is an abscess on the other side, it may be opened in the same manner, and when there is a communication between both, it may be preserved by a perforation through the withers, taking care to avoid the ligament which

which runs along the neck to the withers.

Some of the ulcers will fill up with the use of turpentine, honey, and the tincture of myrrh mixed with red precipitate, and bathing the sore all round with rectified spirits of wine. But when the ulcer is foul, and the matter of a bad colour, with fungous flesh, then the following mixture will be proper:

Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of Roman vitriol in half a pint of water; oil of turpentine and rectified spirits of wine, of each four ounces; of white wine vinegar six ounces; oil of vitriol and Egyptian ointment, of each two ounces.

Mix these together, making them scalding hot, and soak pledgits in it to apply to the ulcer; as often as it is dressed it must be bathed with the following mixture:

Take spirit of wine and vinegar of each a pint; of oil of sulphur two ounces. The oil must be dropt in by little and little, to prevent too great an effervescence.

There is no material difference between oil of sulphur and oil of vitriol, so that you may use which you please. The pledgit should be laid in the ulcer as loose as possible, and when it fills up with sound flesh, lint alone will do, or pledgits large enough to cover the whole sore, armed with the common digestive, and mixed with a small quantity of precipitate. When the ulcer is sinous, the sinuosities must be laid open and dressed as before; when it is a true fistula, its sources must be destroyed with a caustic or an hot iron.

When the bones are foul, inject equal quantities of tincture of myrrh and tincture of euphorbium, bathing the sore all about with the preceding mixture. This disease may likewise be cured with scalding, as in the poll evil.

OF STRAINS *of the* SHOULDERS, KNEES, *and* PASTERNS.

A fresh strain in the shoulder may be easily known by the horse not putting out that leg like the other, that is, not so far, and by his endeavouring to favour it. When it proceeds from humours, and affects both shoulders, he stumbles as he goes along.

Sudden lamenesses of the shoulders may be cured by dissolving half an ounce of bole armoniac, or French bole, in a pint of good vinegar; and bathing the part with it two or three times a day, from the wither almost to the knee, and half way up the breast, letting the horse rest a few days, till he is well. If the horse is lame without a swelling: then

Take of the best vinegar half a pint; spirit of vitriol and rectified spirit of wine, of each two ounces; of French bole half an ounce; use it as the former.

When the shoulder is much swelled and relaxed, then fomentations will be necessary.

Take of the tops of rosemary, lavender and wormwood, of each an ounce; of camomile flowers half an ounce; bay berries and juniper berries, of each an ounce and a half; of crude sal armoniac four ounces; of salt of tartar two ounces; boil them in two gallons of chamber-lye.

Take a quart of this fomentation, and mix it with half a pint of spirit of wine, and foment the horse's shoulder with it with pieces of flannel large enough to cover it all over. The liquor must be made hot, and the flannel applied as usual. Besides this, it will

will be proper to make a rowel in the point of the ſhoulder, and there will be no doubt of a cure.

The Stringhalt may be cured with frictions and fomentations, without any farther trouble.

Strains of the knees and paſterns, may be cured with poultices made with rye-flour, the grounds of beer and chamber-lye. When the ſwelling and inflamation is abated, bathe the parts twice a day with the following mixture:

Take vinegar a pint; of camphorated ſpirit of wine four ounces; of white vitriol diſſolved in a little water, two drams; this will ſtrengthen the horſe's knees and paſterns.

OF STRAINS *in the* COFFIN-JOINT, BACK-SINEWS, *and* HOCK.

The Strain of the Coffin-joint is not readily known at firſt, becauſe the horſe does not favour that foot, except he plants it on the ground, but in time it will become ſo ſtiff that he will only touch the ground with his toe; nor will the foot play with the hands. Bliſtering and firing will cure this diſorder, unleſs it has been of too long ſtanding.

The Strain of the Back-ſinew, is a common accident, and generally proceeds from hard riding in bad roads. In this caſe the ſinew will ſwell, ſometimes from the backſide of the knee to the heel; and then the horſe does not care to put his foot even on the ground, but ſets it before the other while he is ſtanding.

There is nothing cures this diſorder ſo ſoon as the vinegar, and French bole lately mentioned. It muſt be made warm, and rubbed into the ſinews often in a day. And if any weakneſs remains, a mild bliſter will complete the cure, and bring down the ſinew to its natural ſtate.

Strains in the Hock, are eaſily cured when taking in time, by bathing them with coolers and repellants, as in other recent ſtrains. But when the ligament is hurt, they muſt be well plied with fomentations, and then there will be no danger of ſucceſs. If the calloſity or hardneſs grows only on the outſide, it may certainly be removed by repeated bliſtering. But if the calloſity is on the inſide, it will be neceſſary to fire the part very gently, making lines pretty cloſe together, and then apply the following charge:

Take of the plaiſter of gum armoniac with mercury, to be had at the ſhops, ſix ounces; melt it with a little linſeed oil to make it a little ſofter, but not too ſoft, and apply it like a charge over the hock, and when it is fallen off, renew it once or twice more.

When there is a hard ſcabby ſore or crack in the bending of the hock, it is called the Sallenders, and when there is the ſame in the bending of the knee, it is termed the Mallenders. Theſe are firſt to be waſhed, after the hair is clipped off, with a lather of ſoap in chamber-lye, and then lay on the mercurial ointment of the ſhops ſpread on tow. This ſhould be repeated night and morning; or

Take Ethiop's mineral half an ounce; of white vitriol a dram; of ſoft green ſoap ſix ounces: incorporate them well together in a mortar, and apply as before.

Either of theſe uſed with care, will be ſufficient; though ſome make a ſtrong liniment with two drams of corroſive ſublimate, and two ounces of hog's lard.

OF A LAMENESS *in the* STIFLE, WHIRL-BONE, *and* HIP.

When a horſe is lame in the ſtifle, he generally treads upon his toe, and cannot ſet the heel to the

ground. Sometimes the ſtifle ſwells pretty much. Cooling applications, ſuch as were uſed for the ſhoulder, will ſucceed very well, unleſs the ſwelling be large and puffy, and then fomentation muſt be uſed. When there is an abſceſs which breaks and runs, it will terminate the diſeaſe.

Lameneſs of the whirlbone and hip, may be cured, when they are diſcovered in time; otherwiſe the cure is very uncertain. At firſt the horſe diſcovers but little lameneſs, or ſcarce any at all, in his walk, unleſs he comes to trot, and then he drops backwards upon his heel.

The cauſe of the lameneſs may lie either in the muſcles or the hip, which at firſt may be removed with coolers and repellers ſo often mentioned. They ſhould be uſed at leaſt four or five times a day. But when this diſorder is confirmed, we muſt uſe bliſtering and firing, which may remove the lameneſs ſo far as to leave only a limp, that will not hinder his going through buſineſs. Rowels in this caſe have done more harm than good.

OF NARROW HEELS, BINDING *of the* HOOF, *and* SAND-CRACKS.

Narrow Heels are generally natural defects, and are often rendered incurable by bad ſhoeing. The beſt method is to hollow the foot in ſhoeing, and to pare nothing out but what is rotten or fowl. When the foot is hard or dry, or inclinable to be rotten, bathe them often in chamber-lye, or boil two pounds of linſeed in chamber-lye to the conſiſtence of a poultice, and then add ſix ounces of ſoft ſoap, and anoint the foot every day with this, and put a little upon the ſoal. Or,

Take ſix ounces of Freſh butter; two ounces of bees wax; one ounce of tar, and as much linſeed oil as will bring it to a ſmooth ointment.

Binding of the hoof, is when it is ſo ſmall about the inſtep, that it turns the hoof into the ſhape of a bell. The cure of this is by making ſeven or eight lines, with a drawing knife, from the coronet almoſt to the toe. The lines muſt penetrate almoſt quite through the hoof, but not quite reach the quick; and keep it charged with pitch till the lines are quite worn out with ſhoeing, which will require ſeveral months; and therefore many turn the horſe out to graſs till the feet grow down, though ſome are able to travel in a few weeks.

Horſes ſometimes have old nails, and other ſharp things, run into the tender parts within the ſoul. When this is the caſe, after taking them out, the part muſt be bathed with warm oil of turpentine, and ſpirit of wine, and pledgits with baſilicon ſhould be laid over it, by way of ſtopping. If it turns to an ulcer, and diſcharges foul, ſtinking matter, and proud fleſh ariſes thereon, the dreſſing muſt be made with honey, Venice turpentine, and Egyptian ointment: firſt ſtrewing precipitate on the ſore.

A ſand-crack is a little ſmall cleft on the outſide of the hoof. When it penetrates through the horny part of the hoof, and runs directly downward, it is not eaſily cured. When it paſſes through the ligament which unites the hoof with the coronet, it is apt to breed a quittor or a falſe quarter, which are very dangerous. When the crack penetrates through the hoof without touching a ligament, it may eaſily be cured by raſping the edges ſmooth, and applying thick pledgits of yellow baſilicon, and binding them down with ſoft liſt,

list, or a piece of very large waxed packthread, bound round it like a hoop. But if there is a hollowness under the hoof, and the cleft seems to be ready to penetrate through the cartilage or ligament, it had best be fired directly with irons moderately hot; but both sides of the cleft are first to be rasped thin, and that gradually, on each side to some distance. This done, the horse should be turned out to grass till the foot is well.

La Foss has lately discovered that the coronary bone is often cracked into three pieces, and sometimes from slight accidents. But as this is incurable, it is only a caution for people not to throw away their money in attempting a cure. He does not pretend to give any symptom to discover it, but only in general says, it is a lameness that draught horses are most subject to.

OF A QUITTOR, RUNNING FRUSH, *and* CANKER.

A Quittor is an ulcer formed between the hair and the hoof, commonly on the inside quarter of a horse's hoof. It is dangerous when the hoof is hollow near that part, or the blood vitiated. But while it continues on the outside of the hoof, it may be easily managed. The coronet must be bathed all round every day with spirit of wine, and the sore must be dressed with yellow basilicon, mixed with red precipitate, in the proportion of an ounce of the former to two drams of the latter.

But when the matter gets under the hoof, there is no way of coming at it but by taking off part of the hoof. This must be done very carefully and judiciously, and then the cure will not be difficult. When the ulcerous matter is got so near the quarter, as to make it necessary to be taken off, the cure can only be palliative; for when it grows again, it leaves so large a seem as to weaken the foot; but he may serve pretty well for a draught horse afterwards.

A running of the frush or thrush, is an impostume that gathers in the frog of horses that have fleshy heels, and have deep clefts in their frogs. Those that have clean dry frogs, are seldom troubled with such accidents. They are sometimes attended with the grease.

When the abscess appears, the hard part of the frog must be pared away, and whatever appears rotten. Then the bottom of the foot must be washed two or three times a day with old chamber-lye; which will serve for the present, for it is very apt to return.

When there is a great flux of humours upon the part, it is apt to turn to a canker, which we must endeavour to prevent by applying the following mixture:

Take vinegar and spirit of wine, of each two ounces: of tincture of myrrh and aloes an ounce; of Egyptian ointment half an ounce: mix them together, and bathe every part that appears moist: and lay tow dipped in the mixture over the ulcer, in the manner of stopping.

Then the horse should be purged with laxative physic, and two or three diuretic doses mentioned in the next section.

When a thrush becomes rotten and putrid, it is apt to degenerate into a canker, especially when it is got into the sinuosities of the coffin-joint. Sometimes it may proceed from bruises, corns, and nails.

The canker sometimes makes so swift a progress, that it will turn the muscles of the foot to a quag in one night's time, and rot the soal at the same time. The quick

growth

growth of fungous fleſh that appears in theſe ſores, requires the ſtrongeſt applications. Aqua fortis, or oil of vitriol, ſhould be applied every day, and then we may get ground of the diſeaſe, even though it reaches the coffin-bone; for though the muſcles of the foot are quite waſted with the canker and the cure, yet they will grow again, and the horſe will at length have a better ſoal than before. When the canker does not ariſe while the dreſſings are uſed, once in two days will be ſufficient, and ſometimes a little red precipitate and burnt alum will be neceſſary to ſtrew on the growing fleſh, till the ſoal begins to appear. The hoof ſhould not only be cut off in all places where it preſſes the tender parts, but ſhould be kept ſoft with linſeed oil, and every time the foot is dreſſed it ſhould be bathed all round with chamber-lye. He ſhould have two or three doſes of laxative phyſic, at proper intervals, when he is come to his ſtomach. When the foot is firm and ſtrong, a little working will do the horſe good.

(To be continued.)

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Tueſday July 25, a Grand Match of Cricket was played at Eton, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Oldfield Club, and Eleven young Gentlemen of Eton College, for One Thouſand Guineas.

ETONIANS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Thornhill	41	b F. Quarme.
Vanſittart	6	c. Sale.
Beauchamp	1	b. Cooper.
Joynes	0	b. Sale.
Ponton	55	b. Cooper.
Nield	5	run out.
Sumner	0	b. F. Quarme.
Thackeray	5	b. Cooper.
Ekins	14	b. Manneſty.
Baylay	6	b. Ditto.
Lloyd	3	not out.
Byes	0	
	136	

SECOND INNINGS.

Thornhill	2	b. F. Quarme.
Vanſittart	14	b. Ditto.
Beauchamp	0	c. Sale.
Joynes	13	c. Cooper.
Ponton	28	b. Sale.
Nield	0	c. Quarme.
Sumner	6	b. Sale.
Thackeray	4	c. Ditto.
Ekins	7	b. Quarme.
Baylay	0	b. Sale.
Lloyd	7	not out.
Byes	1	
	82	

OLDFIELD CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Leyceſter	2	b. Beauchamp.
Sandy	2	c. Thackeray.
James	4	b. Beauchamp.
Manneſty	6	b. Joynes.
Quarme	2	b. Ditto.
F. Quarme	4	b. Sumner.
Cooper	14	c. Thornhill.
Sale	9	c. Thackeray.
Powys	0	b. Beauchamp.
Barker	5	b. ditto.
Matthews	0	not out.
Byes	1	
	49	

SECOND INNINGS.

Leyceſter	0	b. Beauchamp.
Sandby	0	c. Baylay.
James	12	not out.
Manneſty	21	c. Lloyd.
Quarme	0	b. Joynes.
F. Quarme	0	b. Beauchamp.
Cooper	0	b. Joynes.
Sale	2	b. ditto.
Powys	0	b. ditto.
Barker	4	b. Beauchamp.
Matthews	0	b. ditto.
Byes	2	
	41	

We have been favoured with the following liſt of the Players in the Grand Cricket Match played on

on Swaffham race ground laſt month (July 17), between Thirty-three Men of the county of Norfolk, and Eleven of all England, with the number of notches obtained by each man.

NORFOLK.

FIRST INNINGS.

Allen	5	b. J. Walker.
Brooks	0	b. J. Wells.
Archer	9	b ditto.
Brown	6	b. T. Walker.
Mitchell	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Glaſscock	0	not out.
Watlin	0	c. Beldam.
Cox	1	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
B Fuller	0	c. Hammond.
Couſin	0	ran out.
Milligan	6	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Warner	0	b. ditto.
Sculfer	1	ran out.
G. Withers	0	c Beldam.
R. Harmor	0	c. Hammond.
J. Fuller	7	c. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
M. Raven	3	c. Fennex.
J. Withers	0	c. Hammond.
Ruſt	1	c. Beldam.
J Fuller	6	c. ditto.
Jackſon	1	c. Freemantle.
Little Raven	0	c. H. Walker.
Raynor	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
B Fuller	0	c. Hammond.
Curtis	0	c. Small, jun.
Rumball	0	c. Fennex.
Bennett	0	c. Hammond.
Paul	2	ſtumpt Hammond.
Stibbard	0	ſtumpt ditto.
Hale	1	c. Beldam.
Emmerſon	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Scott	0	c. ditto.
Sturley	1	b. J. Wells
Byes	0	
	50	

SECOND INNINGS.

Allen	2	b. Fennex.
Brooks	0	ſtumpt Hammond.
Archer	9	b. J. Wells.
Brown	0	ſtumpt Hammond.
Mitchell	14	leg before wicket.
Glaſscock	0	c. Small, jun.
Watlin	1	leg before wicket.
Cox	7	c. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
B. Fuller	0	c. Wells.
Couſin	0	c. ditto.
Milligan	0	b. Wells.
Warner	1	not out.
Sculfer	2	c. H. Walker.
G. Withers	4	ſtumpt Hammond.
R. Harmor	9	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
F. Fuller	0	b. ditto.
M Raven	1	c. H. Walker.
J. Withers	0	b. J Wells.
Ruſt	3	b. ditto.
J. Fuller	1	ran out.
Jackſon	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Little Raven	2	b ditto.
Raynor	0	c. H. Walker.
B. Fuller	0	b. J Wells.
Curtis	2	c. Fennex.
Rumball	0	b. ditto.
Bennett	3	ſtumpt Hammond.
Paul	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Stibbard	9	b. Fennex.
Hale	0	c. Hammond.
Emmerſon	0	c. Fennex.
Scott	0	c. H. Walker.
Sturley	0	b. Fennex.
Byes	5	
	81	

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker,	55	c. Scott.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	39	c. Emmerſon.
Hon. J. Tufton	19	c. Archer.
Freemantle	4	b. G. Withers.
Hammond	10	c. J. Fuller.
Robinſon	2	c. Raynor.
Small, jun.	2	c. Sculfer.
Beldam	6	not out.
Fennex	4	b. Milligan.
H. Walker.	0	b. B. Fuller.
J. Wells	3	c. Warner.
Byes	0	
	144	

The match for One Thouſand Guineas played on the ſame ground, between the Noblemen and Gentlemen, (moſtly of the Marybone Club) afforded much delight and ſatisfaction to the ſpectators, who had never ſeen the game played in ſuch ſuperior ſtyle; it terminated July 21, in favour of the Earl of Winchelſea, againſt Lord Frederick Beauclerk. Amongſt the perſonages who honoured this meeting we obſerved the

the Lords Clermont, Winchelsea, Dalkeith, Frederick Beauclerk, the Hon. Mr. Tufton, the Hon. Mr. Hupton, —— Mellish, Esq. and many other gentlemen of rank and fortune. Lord Frederick Beauclerk played in a very superior style indeed, and was much admired for his great agility in every part of the game.

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(*Continued from page* 202.)

HUNTSMAN! her gait observe, if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task;
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd,
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the streaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavaliers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspire,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud,
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost,
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant we smoke along the vale,
Happy the man who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,

With

With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsmen, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance graze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,
How busily he works,-but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sally'd awhile at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd—hold back with speed—on either hand
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right,
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See! how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce leaves
A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clam'rous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quiv'ring heart:
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,
A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chace;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? from tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Dehli op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,

And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Born on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian ſteed, and watch his nod:
And potent Rajahs, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.
Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court; a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah! cruel Eaſtern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-cheering ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with ſtern review,
Thro' groves of ſpears, from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,
On theſe extended plains, when Ammon's ſon
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great king
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the Helleſpont from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chace,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command,
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war:
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high reſolve,
That flies on wings, thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the ſun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb,
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems;
And like a ſheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers ſhouts
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shrink at the noiſe; deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunter's range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from every den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes: growling along
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears
Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her ſable veil forbids the chace,
They

They pitch their tents, in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades; where erst the bird
That glads the night, had cheer'd the list'ning groves
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail! as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day, they still the chace renew;
At night encamp'd; till now in streighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grapling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides: tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress.

(To be continued.)

A Parsimonious Character.

ONE Ironmore, who lately died worth very considerable property, though only Clerk to an Attorney, was a character truly eccentric. He was not only a bachelor, but always seemed to entertain an opinion of the fair sex next to the most perfect contempt. Though sixty-six years of age when he died, no person ever recollected seeing him smile. In his dress he was singular in the extreme, as he never purchased coat, waistcoat, or breeches, from his childhood, but indulged his taste for old fashions in wearing part of a large stock of antique clothes left by his uncle, as frugal as himself. He was particularly attached to old wigs, and, except a shilling for a coarse neck handkerchief just before his death, never laid out any thing but for those and shoes, which he always mended himself. Into the room in which he slept in the house of his employer, no person had been suffered to enter for five years previous to his decease, neither was it swept or washed during that period. Instead of a pocket handkerchief, he made use of a sheet of white paper, which he always spread upon his knee while at meals. In the summer season, when the family was out of town, in which he was employed, he had a full scope to his disposition in boarding himself; but having a weak digestion, could eat nothing out of doors but leg of beef: when at home, not being willing to lose the rind of the bacon, which he could not eat, he used to cut it in slips, and use it for shoe-strings, till the smell, in consequence of its attraction of the dogs, &c. wherever he made his appearance, obliged him to abandon the practice. Being once bantered by a visitor, who observed the piteous moanings of the family cat then left to his care, and naturally imputed them to hunger, Ironmore told him he would put them in possession of a cheap remedy against importunities of that nature, and without the least derangement of features, taking the cat in his arms, and greasing her head all over with a little of the fat of his

leg of beef, aſſuring him, as was really the caſe, that ſhe had then ſufficient employment for the whole afternoon to lick her face and head clean, which would be apparently as ſatisfying to her as ſolid food. Moſt of his property went to ſuch of his relatives as were in good circumſtances.

Agriculture.

So analagous is the buſineſs of Agriculture to that of Sporting, that we have reſolved to give the two Monthly Reports of Agriculture, which will reſcue them from the temporary duration of a Newſpaper. We ſhall alſo, as occaſions offers, preſent our readers with ſuch other Agricultural ſubjects, as we think worthy of their notice.

FIRST REPORT FOR JULY.

OUR accounts from the weſt of England agree in repreſenting the crops as remarkably luxuriant and healthy in their appearance. Not more than a fifth or eighth of the Wheat is laid. The Barley, Oats, and Peaſe, never looked better in any ſeaſon. The Turnips are generally up, and promiſe remarkably well. Much of this improved appearance ariſes from the late dry and warm weather.

Northwards, the continuance of cold and wet weather has done more laſting injury; yet, on the whole, the crops on the ground are great. The early corn has been conſiderably chilled; and in many places, it is to be feared, will not fill or ripen kindly. Hay is ſtill getting in, even in ſome parts not far from London: and they who have waited for the fine weather, will be well repaid by the quantity and goodneſs of the product. Clover and Rye-graſs have not yielded ſo well as the natural graſſes. Turnips are promiſing in moſt parts where they are cultivated, but ſome tracts have ſuffered from the fly. Potatoes ſeem likely to turn out well.

The prices of cattle have dropped in the North. At St. Boſwell's fair, in Scotland, July 18th, was one of the greateſt ſhows of ſheep ever known, which ſold thirty per cent. cheaper than before. Black cattle alſo went off dull, and Horſes were a drug. Butcher's meat has fallen proportionally in thoſe parts.

On the whole, there is great reaſon to hope that the preſent fine weather will conſiderably repair the damages of the earlier part of the year; and that the harveſt will prove an abundant, though probably a late one.

SECOND REPORT FOR JULY.

The warm weather at the cloſe of the month, brought the Corn ſo forward, that the Harveſt has pretty generally commenced by the cutting of Wheat as well as Oats, in the ſouthern and eaſtern diſtricts. The promiſe of crops varies exceedingly in different counties; on ſome of the beſt tender wheat lands, where the plants were early taken by the wire-worm, either a blight or mildew have materially affected the ear; the weſtern diſtricts ſeem moſt free from them; in the north the ſtraw is light, as well as the ear; ſo that on the average the preſent crops of wheat will fall much ſhort of the copious produce of laſt year. Oats are univerſally a crop, and in the fens a larger one than ever was remembered; the Barleys are likewiſe great, and ripening early will probably give good malting ſamples. Beans, though abundant in

in straw, have not in the strong soils podded well; and pease and tares have been much injured in the Eastern counties, by the maggot and pulse-louse. The rape seed, already threshed out, rises to a fair average crop, but the breadth sown last year was not considerable: the highest price yet offered has been 30l. per last. The clovers saved for seed have not at present a favourable appearance, but few pieces appear to bloom fairly.

In all the turnip countries complaints are general of the repeated loss of plants by the fly, except those which were very early sown and set out in cool sandy soils.—Hay has proved a great crop, and been well got up, except that so early mown round London.

The hop plantations through the kingdom exhibit very different aspects; in West Kent they are foul and growing black; the grounds of Farnham and Essex are promising, while the Sussex and Worcestershire planters reckon only on half a crop.—The wool trade has had a start, 15d a lb. being now freely given for the Norfolk and Down fleeces.—Smithfield has been well supplied of late with beef and veal at reduced prices, but good mutton is still scarce and dear. Lean cattle and store sheep continue to be rated at extravagant prices; but the failure of turnips and shortness of latter-math, begin to be felt by the drovers, who have considerable bodies of beasts in various districts (particularly of the Irish kind) now on hand.—Store pigs are every where plentiful, and horses of all kinds were never more cheap.

Shew *of* Cattle *at* Lewes.

MUCH interest having been excited by the proposals of the respectable Society lately established in Sussex, under the patronage of the Earl of Egremont, "for the Improvement of the Breeds of Cattle and Sheep, &c." and considerable advantages to the country being expected to arise therefrom, we have procured the following account of the disposition of the prizes, at the meeting held for that purpose on Monday, July 31, at Lewes, which a Correspondent there has favoured us with.

The Prize of Twenty Guineas, or Plate of that value, for the best three-year old Bull, was awarded to Mr. Elliot, of Petworth.

The Prize of Ten Guineas, for the second best three-year old Bull; to Mr. Ellman, of Glynd.

The Bulls shewn, as well those that gained the Prizes as seven or eight others, were much admired for beauty, symmetry and proportion; and as proper models of the true Sussex breed, distinguished by their deep red colour.

The Prize of Ten Guineas, for the best three-year old Heifer, was gained by Mr. Marchant, of Perching.

The Prize of Five Guineas, for the second best three-year-old Heifer, by the Right Hon. Lord Gage.

There was a numerous shew of South-down Rams, a year old last lambing time.

The first Prize of Twenty Guineas value, was awarded to Mr. Ellman, of Glynd.

The second, Fifteen Guineas, to Mr. Hamphar, of Patcham.

The third, Ten Guineas, to Isaac Eeles, Esq. of Albourn.

And the fourth, Five Guineas, to Thomas Kemp, Esq. of Coneyboroughs, M. P. for Lewes.

Though these four were allowed to be entitled to the Prizes, on account of some peculiar marks of distinction, yet there were others so near them in excellence, that the

the judges were somewhat at a loss to decide. The emulation excited on this occasion promises in some respects to improve even this valuable breed of sheep—a circumstance which alone would render the Society an object of national importance.

There were only two wethers slaughtered, one belonged to Mr. Ellman of Glynd, and the other to Mr. Pennington, of Kitchenham, near Ashburnham.

	st.	lb.	
Mr. Ellman's weighed	11	4	8lb. to the stone.
Mr Pennington's	14	4½	

The two hind quarters of Mr. Ellman's weighed 5st. 7¾lb.

The two hind quarters of Mr. Pennington's 6st. 4¾lb.

Mr. Pennington's, though the largest, and very fat, was remarked, to use the butcher's term, to die badly, and though three stone heaviest, was only about four pounds and an half heaviest in the hind quarters, which should be the heaviest part; it was besides very deficient in kidneys, they being remarkably small, and having been brought up a sock, whereas the other had been out with the flock, was not thought a proper candidate, and the Prize has been left undetermined.

The gentlemen appointed by the Society to award the prizes on the above occasion, were Mr. Gell, of Appleham, near Shoreham, Sussex; Mr. Wells, of Ashford, Kent; and Mr. Mighell, of Kennet, Wilts.—Their decisions gave general satisfaction.

The meeting was numerously and most respectably attended.—Among other noblemen and gentlemen of rank, were, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Egremont, Earl of Winterton, Lord Clermont, Lord Villiers, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir Henry Featherstone, Sir John Lade, Sir F. Poole, Sir C. Bunbury, Sir H. Blackman, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Trayton Fuller, with most of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and many visitors from Brighton, who it is hoped may imbibe a spirit of improvement to the future benefit of their respective counties.

The Prince of Wales subscribed 50l. towards the next year's Prizes; Lord Egremont 50l. (annually for five years) the Duke of Bedford 20l. Lord Ashburnham 20l. and many others subscribed liberally; "so that (says our Correspondent) we hope shortly to rival your famous Agricultural Society at Bath."

The Prince, Duke of Bedford, Lord Egremont, and about two hundred gentlemen who attended the meeting, afterwards dined at the Star Inn, opposite which the cattle were shewn, enjoying that true conviviality and delight which must naturally arise from reflecting on so well spent a day.

The Cattle Distemper.

An *Epizootie*, or general disorder among the cattle, having broken out in France, the Minister of the Interior has properly addressed a letter to the Administrators of every Department, requiring them to make known what was held from the best authorities to be the cause, the best modes of cure, and of preventing the progress of the distemper.

The cause of the disorder he states to be the feeding of the cattle on damaged hay, as the malady has chiefly appeared near the banks of great rivers, where the meadows from the late incessant rains, have all been overflowed.—As the lands bordering on the rivers in England have of late been similarly circumstanced, we think that

that we cannot render a service of more utility to our readers, than by stating the communications of the French Minister, respecting the cure and prevention of this disease.

The first effect of this damaged food, he observed, is an inflammation of the lungs, or the liver, but more frequently of the former. Nature attempts to remove the malady by producing an eruption, which in general covers the body of the animal. The views of art should therefore be directed either to bring about or to supply the absence of this eruption.

The use of *cordials*, he observes, to which recourse is generally had in these cases, has in most instances proved ineffectual. It has been found by experience, that wine, brandy, cyder, beer, pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mithridate, treacle, bark, and other heating medicines, are of no effect in small doses, and when administered in large ones, have no other effect but to increase the inflammation. It is therefore only from exterior applications that a cure can be expected.

When one beast is affected, the whole of those in the same shed or stable should be subjected to the same treatment. The operation which he recommends is the insertion of a seton, or rowel, in the dewlap *(le fanon)*. The rowel being charged with a caustic of white hellebore, sublimate, or arsenic, will tend to draw the humour from the lungs, &c. and should be placed lengthways, in order to favour its evacuation.

If this operation should not, in fifteen or twenty hours, produce a sufficient swelling, a blistering plaister should be put to each side of the chest, the hair being first shaved. This plaister is composed of one ounce of cantharides, and the same quantity of euphobrium, mixed with barm. Every morning the animal is to have a dose of pepper, garlic, assafœtida, tobacco, and horse-radish, all mixed together, or as many, at least, of the ingredients as can be procured. Its hay is to be sprinkled with water, in a quart of which a handful of salt has been dissolved. Its drink should be water whitened with bran, with a small admixture of vinegar.

To prevent the return or spreading of the disorder, the bodies of the dead animals should be carefully interred, and covered. The stables should be cleansed, not by fumigation, but by washing with hot water, and airing. If the floor be but of earth, the surface, to the depth of three or four inches, should be removed and buried, and the remainder closely beaten down, to prevent evaporation.—The cattle are not to be permitted to enter the sheds until they are perfectly dried.

TROTTING MATCH.

On Monday morning, Aug. 7, a Trotting Match (against time) was decided on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, for 100 guineas. The wager was made some weeks back, between Mr. Dyson of Park-lane, and Mr. Fagg, of Holborn; Mr. Dyson binding himself to produce a horse, mare, or gelding, that should within a given period, trot seventeen miles within the hour, on any ground to be chosen by himself, he giving 48 hours notice to Mr. Fagg—Monday being the day appointed for the decision of the wager, vast numbers of persons of every description, and particularly those of the *sporting world*, had assembled to witness this bold attempt. Very con-

considerable bets were pending. A mare, the property of Mr. Dyson was brought upon the ground. She was rode by a lad belonging to Mr. Maslen, of Moorfields; but she lost the wager by one minute and four seconds only.

ANECDOTES *of* HENRY *the Fourth, of* FRANCE *styled the* GREAT: *with a beautiful Engraving, representing a memorable Sporting Incident in the Life of that illustrious Monarch.*

THE education, which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of Woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was cloathed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader, (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of Bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero in the field of battle, or the deportment of the august monarch surrounded by his courtiers in the Tuilleries or the Louvre!

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Such was the incident which is the subject of the annexed plate. Being on a hunting party, one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after, observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree: "What are you about there?" said Henry. —"I am sitting here, Sir, to see the king go by."—"If you have a mind," answered the monarch, "to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him."—The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the *gentleman* how he should know the King.—"You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The King joins his company, and all the Lords salute him: "Well" said he, to the peasant, "which is the King?"—"Faikes," answered the clown, "it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on."

But Henry had once a hunting adventure, that might have proved a more serious one, but for the extraordinary presence of mind by which he was ever distinguished. An adventurer, who had been in the Spanish service, and called himself Captain Michau, came to Nerac, to solicit employment from Henry when he was only King of Navarre. The King was cautioned to beware of this deserter, arriving from a country, which could not but be suspected by every protestant. The mind of Henry was too full of honour, to be capable of entertaining suspicions upon insufficient grounds, and he therefore paid no regard to this advice. A few

few days after, as he was hunting in the forest of Aillas, being alone in a sequestered place, he perceived Michau advancing to him, well mounted, with a brace of pistols at his saddle-bow. On his approach, he said to him, with a firm tone of voice, "Captain Michau, alight: I have a mind to try whether your horse be as good as you pretend.—Michau instantly obeys, and the King of Navarre mounts. Then taking out the pistols, he said to Michau, "Have you an intention to kill any one, Captain? I am assured that you design me for your victim; now your life is in my power, if I please to take it"—He then discharged the two pistols in the air, and commanded Michau to follow him. At first, he attempted to justify himself; but thinking it the safest way to make his escape, he set off two days after, and never again made his appearance.

Since the French revolution, the modern writers of that Country are not so lavish in praise of Henry; by one of them he is called a tyrant; to prove this, he says, "let any one recollect the game laws enacted by this monarch, and then ask himself if he were really a good king. By an article of his *ordonnance* on this subject, it was decreed, that every peasant found with a gun in his hand, near a thicket, should be stripped naked, and beaten with rods around it, until the blood came. It was thus that the life of man was sacrificed to the repose and existence of hares and patridges, destined for the pleasures of a prince, more culpable, perhaps, in respect to this barbarous law, than any of his predecessors."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The sad effect of a FAUX PAS, *a French Anecdote, of a date previous to the Revolution.*

(From La Decade.)

A Dancer of one of the principal theatres of Paris, enveloped in a large roquelaure, was lounging in one of the walks of the Palais Royal, the interval of time before the commencement of the entertainment which was to amuse a large crowd of gay spectators, when a woman, with a child at her breast, asked charity of him by a gesture far more expressive than words. The evening was not so dark, but that he could easily distinguish she was both young and handsome. He gave her a piece of money, which she received with that timid silence, which is, perhaps, at once the sincerest and sweetest expression of gratitude. "Here is," says he to himself, "a virtuous person in distress," and immediately felt himself interested concerning her; for dancers, although *excommunicated*, were not strangers to *Christian* charity. He took a seat on the same bench whereon she rested herself, and put several questions to her with all the respect due to the unfortunate. She answered him modestly, and after some refusals and hesitations, consented to tell him the following story:

"My father," said she, kept a well-frequented inn in a town on the road between Paris and Lyons. I was his only daughter. My mother brought me up with a care which persons in higher stations of life suppose not within the limits of the education given to those of my condition. Not that I had masters provided me, there were none even in the place, but I inhabited

inhabited a chamber remote from those of the travellers and company, which I never waited on, and of course was out of the reach of any licentious discourse.

"These precautions, however, did not prevent several among them from attempting to seduce me. A travelling Merchant, of the name of Deslandes, who often put up at our house, and who was of an engaging address, was the most dangerous of all; this I tell to my shame! He spread before my eyes sums of gold which in no respect tempted me, but he shewed me a piece of lace, another of a rich taffeta, which dazzled me. He begged permission to bring them into my chamber at the dusk of the evening. I afforded him facility to do so by deceiving the credulity of a father and mother who adored me. Good God! What have been the consequences of this rash step?

"This was in winter. The monster left me in three hours to go to supper. The next morning he ordered his travelling carriage to be got ready betimes, but, in packing up his merchandize, he gave out that he had been robbed. The whole house was alarmed; the other travellers were in amazement. Search was made in every apartment; the pretended theft was discovered in a chest of drawers of which I had the key. I was stunned with questions; I only answered with tears. Deslandes, with an effrontery which I shall never forget, snatched up his lace and his taffeta, and mounted his caravan, after having signed a charge, that the Justice of the Peace of the town had hastily drawn up, and which no circumstance, but of the robbery, made any part. A sense of modesty raised me up as it were to such an height, that, I should have consented to go to the scaffold, rather than confess my shame before so many persons.

"The Justice of Peace, urged by motives which it is unnecessary to detain you with, wrote to those of higher authority in the province, requiring them to send a party of *marechaussé* to the spot. In a short time we received four of those cavaliers, who were paid, boarded and lodged more than three months at my father's expense. The house was deserted; travellers avoided it as a den of thieves; we dared not set foot in the street. None of those who were indebted to my father would pay him a shilling, and those to whom he stood indebted, pursued him with rigour. Death released him from his chagrin: he locked me in his arms when he breathed out his last sigh.

"My mother did not die, and I believe our misfortunes increased her affection for me. We came up to Paris to conceal ourselves; on the road she apprized me that I was pregnant, and this child, which we have so much reason to hate, we have not been able, neither one nor the other, to put away from us. I shall not trouble you with a detail of our sufferings, since our arrival in this city. My mother is a Journey-woman on one of the barges of the river that takes in washing, and I comfort her for an hour or two in the day, while she holds my child: but the little we gained at that work was not sufficient to satisfy our most pressing wants, and I at last determined to follow the dreadful occupation of a beggar till my child should be weaned."

The dancer again put a piece of money into the hand of this unhappy female, assuring her that he would do his utmost in as short a time as possible to rescue her and her

her mother from their pitiable condition, and it is, perhaps, necessary to add, that he exhorted her to persevere in the same virtuous disposition, of which her situation was even the strongest proof. After this he went to dance, though not without reluctance. The story which he had just heard afflicted his heart, and took possession of his mind. While he was making his *cabrioles* he could not help reflecting on the ills which befal the human species. He made, by mistake, an *entrechat* of six instead of one of ten, and a *pas de bourree* for a rigadoon step: the Boxes felt convinced that he was drunk, and the Pit hissed him.

The HORSE *from* BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

THE HORSE*.

THE reduction of a horse to a domestic state, is the greatest acquisition from the animal world, which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and with magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly cooperates with his master; he likewise participates of human pleasures. He exults in the chace and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He, in some measure, renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing, and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor.

These are features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured by art, and turned with care to the service of man. His education commences with the loss of liberty, and is completed by restraint. The slavery of the horse is so ancient and so universal, that he is rarely seen in a natural state. When employed in labour, he is always covered with the harness; and, even during the time destined for repose, he is never entirely delivered from bonds. If sometimes permitted to roam in the pasture, he always bears the marks of servitude, and often the external impressions of labour and pain. His mouth is deformed by the perpetual friction of the bit; his sides are galled with wounds, or furrowed with cicatrices; and his hoofs are pierced with nails. The natural gestures of his body are constrained by the habitual pressure of fetters, from which it would be in vain to deliver him; for he would not be more at liberty. Those horses, the servitude of which is most mild, which are kept solely for the purposes of luxury and magnificence, and whose golden chains only gratify the vanity of their masters, are more dishonoured by the elegance of their trap-

* *Equus caballus*, cauda undique setosa; *Linn. Syst. Nat.* p. 100.
Horse—Hoof consisting of one piece; six cutting teeth in each jaw; *Pennant, Synops. of Quadrup.* p. 1.

trappings, and by the plaits of their hair, than by the iron shoes on their feet.

Art is always excelled by Nature; and, in animated beings, liberty of moment constitutes the perfection of their existence. Examine those horses which have multiplied so prodigiously in Spanish America, and live in perfect freedom. Their motions are neither constrained nor measured. Proud of their independence, they fly from the presence of man, and disdain all his care. They search for, and procure the food that is most salutary and agreeable. They wander and frisk about in immense meadows, and collect the fresh productions of a perpetual spring. Without any fixed habitation, or other shelter than a serene sky, they breath a purer air than in those musty vaults in which we confine them, when subjected to our dominion. Hence wild horses are stronger, lighter, and more nervous than most of those which are in a domestic state. The former possess force and dignity, which are the gifts of nature; the latter have only address and gracefulness, which are all that art can bestow.

These wild horses are by no means ferocious in their temper; they are only wild and fiery. Though of strength superior to most animals, they never make an attack. But, when assaulted, they either disdain the enemy, bounce out of his way, or strike him dead with their heels. They associate in troops from no other motive than the pleasure of being together; for they have no fear; but acquire a mutual attachment to each other. As grass and vegetables constitute their food, of which they have enough to satisfy their appetite, and as they are not carnivorous, they neither make war with other animals, nor among themselves. They dispute not about their common nourishment, and never have occasion to snatch prey from each other, the general source of quarrels and combats among the rapacious tribes. Hence they live in perpetual peace; because their appetites are simple and moderate, and they have no objects to excite envy.

All these features are apparent in young horses bred together in troops. Their manners are gentle, and their tempers social; their force and ardour are generally rendered conspicuous by marks of emulation. They anxiously press to be foremost in the course, to brave danger in traversing a river, or in leaping a ditch or precipice; and it has been remarked, that those which are most adventurous and expert in these natural exercises, are the most generous, mild, and tractable, when reduced to a domestic state.

Wild horses are mentioned by several ancient authors. Herodotus takes notice of white savage horses on the banks of the Hypanis in Scythia; and in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, he remarks, that there were wild horses, covered all over with hair, five inches long. Aristotle says, they were to be found in Syria; Pliny, in the northern regions; and Strabo, in Spain and the Alps. Among the moderns, Cardan says the same thing of Scotland, and the Orkney isles*; Olaus, of Muscovy; Dapper, of the island of Cyprus, where, he says, there were beautiful wild horses, of great strength and swiftness†; and Struys, of the island of May, one of the Cape de Verds, where he saw wild horses of a small

* Aldrovand. de Quadrup. Soliped. lib. 1. p. 19.

† See a Descript. des Isles de l'Archipel. p. 50.

stature

stature*. Leo of Africa likewise relates that there were wild horses in the deserts of Africa and Arabia; and he assures us that he saw, in the solitudes of Numidia, a colt with crisped hair, and a crisped main†. Marmol confirms this fact by informing us, that small wild horses, some of them of an ash-colour, and others white, with short curled hair and manes, are to be found in the Lybian and Arabian deserts‡: he adds, that they outrun the dogs and domestic horses. We likewise learn, from the Lettres Edifiantes§, that there are small wild horses in China.

But as Europe is now almost equally peopled, wild horses are no where to be found in this quarter of the globe. Those in America are the offspring of domestic horses, transported originally from Europe by the Spaniards. In these uninhabited, or rather depopulated regions, horses have multiplied prodigiously. That this species of animal was unknown in the New World, appears from the terror and astonishment expressed by the Mexicans and Peruvians at the sight of horses, and their riders. The Spaniards carried great numbers of horses to these regions, both with a view to their service, and to the propagation of the breed. Many, accordingly, were left on the islands, as well as on the Continent, where they have multiplied like other animals. M. de Salle‖, in the year 1685, saw near the bay of St. Louis, in North America, these horses grazing in the meadows; and they were so wild that he could not approach them. The author of the Histoy of the Buccaniers* remarks "That troops of horses, to the number of 500, are sometimes seen in the island of St. Domingo, who all run together; that when they perceive a man they all stop; and that one of them approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop." He adds, that he is uncertain whether these horses have degenerated by becoming wild; but that he found none of them so handsome as those of Spain, though they sprung from the same race. "They have (he continues) very gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In taking them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, where they are left for two days without victuals or drink. This trial is generally sufficient for rendering them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild; and, even if they should by accident regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached, and retaken with ease†." These

* Voyages de Struys, tom. I, p. II.

† Descript. Africæ, part. ii. vol. ii. p. 750.

‡ L'Afrique de Marmol, tom i. p. 50.

§ Lettres Edifiantes, recueil xxvi. p. 371.

‖ See les Dernieres Decouvertes dans l'Amer, septeq. de M. de Salle, p. 250.

* L'Hist. des Avantur. Flibustiers, tom. i. p. 110.

† M. Garfault mentions another method of taming wild horses. "When the colts," he observes, "are not very early tamed, it sometimes happens, that the approach of man strikes them with terror; that they defend themselves with their heels and teeth, in such a manner, that it is almost impossible to dress or shoe them: if not broke by gentleness and patience, they are prevented from sleeping till they fall down with weakness. During this operation, a man continues, day and night, at their heads, giving them, from time to time, handfuls of hay. When

These facts prove horses to be naturally of gentle dispositions, and much disposed to associate with man. They never forsake the abodes of men, to regain their liberty in the forests. They discover on the contrary great anxiety to return to the stable, where they find only coarse food, which is always the same, and often measured to them more by the rules of economy, than by the strength of their appetite. But the sweets of habit supply all they have lost by slavery. After being oppressed with fatigue, the place of repose is full of delight. They smell it at a distance, can distinguish it in the midst of great cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. They form a second nature out of those habits to which they have been forced to submit; for horses, after being abandoned in the forests, have been known to neigh continually, in order to be heard, to run to the voice of man, and even to grow meagre, and die in a short time, though surrounded with a profusion of nourishment.

Thus it is obvious the manners of a horse originate entirely from his education, which is accomplished by a care and industry bestowed by man upon no other animal; but he is amply rewarded by the perpetual services of this noble and laborious creature.

The foals are separated from their mothers at the age of five, six, or at most seven months; for experience shows, that when allowed to suck ten or eleven months, though generally fatter and larger, they are not of equal value as those which have been more early weaned. After six or seven months, the foals are removed from their mothers, and are fed twice a-day with bran and a little hay, the quantity of which is augmented in proportion as they advance in age. They are confined to the stables as long as they discover any anxiety to return to their mothers. But when this inquietude is gone, they are allowed to go out, and are conducted to the pasture: they must not, however, be permitted to graze when their stomach is empty. An hour before being put to the grass, they should have a little bran, be made to drink, and should never be exposed to great colds or to rain. In this manner they pass the first winter. In the month of May following, they may be allowed to pasture freely every day, and to remain out continually till the end of October, observing only not to permit them to eat the aftermarths. If accustomed to feed upon this delicate herbage, they will reject hay, which ought nevertheless, together with bran, to be their principal food during the second winter. They are managed in the same manner, namely, allowing them to pasture in winter during the day, and in summer during both day and night, till they arrive at the age of four years, when they are confined to dry food*. This change of nourishment requires some precautions. During the first eight days, they should have only straw; and a few vermifuge draughts may be given, to destroy those worms which may have been engendered by the bad digestion of crude herbs. M. de Garsault† recommends this practice, the utility of which he had often experienced. It is however an established fact, that the stomachs of horses, at all ages, and in all

When treated in this manner, it is astonishing how soon their tempers are softened. Some horses, however, require to be kept awake for eight days." See Nouveau parfait Marechal, p. 89.

* This may be the practice in France, but in Britain horses of all ages, are allowed to pasture freely in summer, without receiving any injury.

† Nouveau, parfait, Marechal, p. 84.

all circumſtances, whether they feed upon graſs, or upon oats and hay, are perpetually ſtuffed with a prodigious multitude of worms*. The ſtomach of the aſs is always in the ſame condition; and yet none of theſe animals are incommoded by this ſpecies of vermin. Theſe worms, therefore, ought not to be regarded as an accidental malady, occaſioned by the indigeſtion of crude herbs, but rather as an effect depending on the common food and ordinary digeſtion of the horſe and aſs.

(To be continued.)

* This aſſertion appears to be too general: for, in this country, at leaſt, worms are by no means ſo frequent.

KING *of* NAPLES *fond of* FISHING.

JOSEPH Gorani, a French writer, gives the following curious account of the preſent King of Naples:—"Ferdinand the Fourth has the manners and the language of a Lazarone. His paſſion for the chace renders him forgetful of the duties of a king. Fiſhing alone can withdraw him from the chace. *He himſelf ſells the fiſh he has caught, and ſells them too as dear as poſſible.* The Neapolitans treat the king on theſe occaſions with the utmoſt freedom, and load him with abuſe as if he were a fiſhmonger that wiſhed to impoſe upon them."——Gorani ſays, "that he had been an eye witneſs of this ſingular ſpectacle."

Gorani, however, relates a converſation between Ferdinand and the Emperor Joſeph the Second, in which the ſeller of fiſh appears greatly ſuperior to the pretended philoſopher.

One day, Joſeph ſpeaking loud enough to be heard by ſeven or eight perſons who were in company with him, told Ferdinand that his kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were full of abuſes . . . "I know very well," replied the ingenuous Prince, "that the adminiſtration of my ſtates is not free from defects; but convinced of my ignorance, I am afraid to touch the leaſt thing, leaſt I ſhould encreaſe the evils I wiſh to remove. To make changes is a very eaſy matter, but to change for the better is the difficult point. To ſubſtitute one abuſe in the place of another, often more dangerous than that which it has ſuperſeded, is to go on from folly to folly. You, who have the frenzy of innovation, ſhould know for us Princes, a ſmattering of knowledge, a ſmattering of talents, is a ſtumbling block to ourſelves, and a ſcourge to our ſubjects."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Artifices of ANIMALS *of the* CHACE.

THE artifices practiſed by animals proceed from ſeveral motives, many of which are purely inſtinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts in general are called forth and exerted by three great and important cauſes; the love of life, the deſire of multiplying and continuing the ſpecies, and that ſtrong attachment which every animal has to its offspring. Theſe are the ſources from which all the movements, all the dexterity, and all the ſagacity of animals originate; the principal of ſelf-preſervation is inſtinctive, and ſtrongly impreſſed upon the minds of all animated beings; it gives riſe to innumerable arts of attack and defence, and not unfrequently to ſurpriſing exertions of ſagacity and genius: the ſame remark is applicable to the deſire of multiplication, and to parental affection.

Upon

Upon this ſubject, we ſhall, as uſual, give ſome examples of animal artifice, which may both amuſe and inform ſome readers.

When a bear or other rapacious animal attacks cattle, they inſtantly join and form a phalanx for mutual defence; in the ſame circumſtances, horſes rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels." Pontopidon tells us, "that the ſmall Norwegian horſes when attacked by bears, inſtead of ſtriking with their hind legs, rear, and by quick and repeated ſtrokes with their fore-feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire; this curious and generally ſucceſsful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is ſeated on the horſe's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horſes, when ſleeping either in plains, or in the foreſt, have always one of their number awake who acts as centinal, and gives notice of any approaching danger.

Margraaf informs us, "that the monkeys in Brazil, while they are ſleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinal, to warn them of the approach of the tyger, or other rapacious animals, and that if ever this centinal is found ſleeping, his companions inſtantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the ſame purpoſe, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinal is placed on an eminence, who, when any perſon appears makes a certain chattering noiſe which the reſt underſtand to be a ſignal for retreat, and immediately fly off, and make their eſcape.

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs: with this view, the ſtag often returns twice or thrice upon his former ſteps: he endeavours to raiſe hinds or younger ſtags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their purſuit. If he ſucceeds in this attempt, he then flies off with redoubled ſpeed, or ſprings off at a ſide, and lies down on his belly to conceal himſelf. When in this ſituation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they purſue him with more advantage, becauſe he is now conſiderably fatigued; their ardour increaſes in proportion to his feebleneſs, and the ſcent becomes ſtronger as he grows warm. From theſe circumſtances, the dogs augment their cries and their ſpeed, and though the ſtag employs more arts of eſcape, than formerly, as his ſwiftneſs is diminiſhed, his doublings and artifices become gradually leſs effectual: no other reſource is now left him, but to fly from the earth which he treads and go into the waters, in order to cut off the ſcent from the dogs, when the huntſmen again endeavours to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the ſtag is ſo much exhauſted, that he is incapable of running much farther, and is ſoon at bay, or in other words, turns and defends himſelf againſt the hounds: in this ſituation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntſmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

The fallow deer is more delicate, leſs ſavage, and approaches nearer to the domeſtic ſtate than the ſtag. The male during the rutting ſeaſon, makes a bellowing noiſe, but with a low and interrupted voice; they are not ſo furious as the ſtag; they never depart from their own country in queſt of females, but they bravely fight for the poſſeſſion of their

miſtreſſes;

mistresses; they associate in herds which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the inclosure: each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and strongest of the flock; the others follow him, and the whole draw up in order of battle to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct from the best pasture. The regularity with which those combats are conducted is singular; they make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themselves vanquished by one check, for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not straight out like the stag, but double, and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag: thus between the chace of the fallow deer and of the stag, there is no material difference; their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer, as he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising: he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow deer more subject to inconveniences than that of the stag.

The roe deer is inferior to the stag and fallow deer, both in strength and stature, but he is endowed with more gracefulness, courage, and vivacity; his eyes are more brilliant and animated, his limbs are more nimble, his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility: he is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior resources from his instincts, though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardour of the dogs. He knows how to evade their pursuit by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings, he delays not his art of defence till his strength begins to fail him; for he no sooner perceives that the first efforts of a rapid flight have been unsuccessful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former steps, and after confounding by those opposite motions the direction he has taken, after intermixing the present with the past emanations of his body, he by a great bound, rises from the earth, and retiring to a side, lies down flat on his belly; in this immovable situation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to pass very near him.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER TROTTING MATCH.

THE circumstance of a man producing a horse to trot seventeen miles in an hour, has set all the minor jockies on their mettle: a striking instance of this fact was, on Monday August 14, exhibited on the Romford road. A gelding, the property of a Pork Butcher on the Surrey-side of

Blackfriar's-bridge, whose daily employment is running in a cart, was matched (against time) to trot twelve miles in the hour for five guineas. The appearance of the poor beast was so miserable, that considerable odds at starting were laid and taken against him, and in a short time afterwards twenty guineas to five were laid that he did not trot thirteen miles in the hour, and ten guineas to one on the same chance.

Scarcely a Butcher in London, who is master of an horse, was absent on the occasion; the crowd was consequently very great, and much betting took place, but the knowing ones were all taken in. The horse notwithstanding his meagre appearance, won easily; he trotted thirteen miles in the hour, and had a minute and three seconds to spare. He was rode by a lad, a servant of Mr. Aldridge's of St. Martin's-lane.

MORE CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Monday August 7, a Grand Match of Cricket was played out in the New Cricket Ground, at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Saturday's Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Whitehall Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

SATURDAY's CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Chamberlain	6	b. Bessell.
C. Mortimer	10	b. Warren.
Clark	16	b. ditto.
Stanger	4	b. ditto.
Peppercorne	2	b. Bessell.
Clelan	3	b. ditto.
J. Mortimer	12	b. Warren.
Earl	0	b. Bessell.
Pickering	6	hit wicket.
H. Mortimer	0	c. Bessell.
Davies	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	61	

SECOND INNINGS.

Chamberlain	18	c. R. Brown.
C. Mortimer	4	b. Merry.
Clark	12	run out.
Stanger	2	b. Bessell.
Peppercorne	3	b. Warren.
Clelan	24	c. Nowell.
J. Mortimer	2	b. Bessell.
Earl	12	hit wicket.
Pickering	0	b. Warren.
H. Mortimer	2	b. ditto.
Davies	0	not out.
Byes	0	
	80	

WHITEHALL CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Brown	4	leg before wicket.
Warren	2	b. Stanger.
Bessell	33	b. J. Mortimer.
Yeates	10	c. ditto.
Nowell	3	b. ditto.
Courthope	11	not out.
Briley	0	c. Earl.
E. Brown	4	b. J. Mortimer.
Flint	1	c. Chamberlain.
Codd	0	c. J. Mortimer.
Moss	0	b. Chamberlain.
Byes	0	
	68	

SECOND INNINGS.

Brown	0	run out.
Warren	8	b. J. Mortimer.
Bessell	2	c. Davies.
Yeates	2	b. Clelan.
Nowell	1	run out.
Courthope	7	b. Clelan.
Baily	23	stumpt Stanger.
E. Brown	8	b. Chamberlain.
Flint	0	stumpt Stanger.
Codd	2	run out.
Moss	2	not out.
Byes	2	
	57	

On Monday August 7, and three following days, a Grand Match of Cricket

Cricket was played on Stoke Down, near the Grange, Hants, between Eleven Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against Eleven of the County of Hants, for One Thousand Guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

G. Leicester	0	c. Freemantle.
Colonel Lennox	0	run out.
J. Tufton	22	c. Hale.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	75	not out.
Colonel Bligh	4	b. Clare.
H. Tufton	14	b. ditto.
G. Louch	1	b. Bennet.
Earl Winchelsea	11	c. May.
T. Mellish	6	c. Freemantle.
Capt. Cumberland	0	b. Taylor.
Scott	7	c. May.
Byes	7	
	147	

SECOND INNINGS.

G. Leicester	24	leg before wicket.
Colonel Lennox	4	b. Purchase.
J. Tufton	61	b. ditto.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	43	run out.
Colonel Bligh	21	b. Purchase.
H. Tufton	19	b. ditto.
G. Louch	3	b. ditto.
Earl Winchelsea	0	c. Freemantle.
T. Mellish	9	c. Hale.
Capt. Cumberland	0	c. Bennet.
Scott	2	not out.
Byes	6	
	192	

HANTS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Small, sen.	4	c. H. Tufton.
Bennet	1	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Purchase	4	c. Capt. Cumberland.
Small, jun.	12	c. G. Leicester.
Taylor	16	stumpt H. Tufton.
Stewart	3	b. Capt. Cumberland.
Freemantle	17	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Hale	2	c. J. Tufton.
Clare	5	run out.
Mundy	0	not out.
May	12	run out.
Byes	2	
	76	

SECOND INNINGS.

Small, sen.	2	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Bennet	26	c. Earl Winchelsea.
Purchase	26	not out.
Small, jun.	53	c. H. Tufton.
Taylor	0	stumpt ditto.
Stewart	4	b. Capt. Cumberland.
Freemantle	0	b. Ld. F. Beauclerk.
Hale	0	b. ditto.
Clare	0	b. Capt. Cumberland.
Mundy	1	stumpt H. Tufton.
May	36	c. ditto.
Byes	0	
	148	

LAW REPORT.

Court of King's Bench, June 21.

SITTINGS BEFORE LORD KENYON.

GAMING.

Executors of Col. Stopford v. Michell.

THIS action was brought by the Representatives of the late Colonel Stopford, who had been in the service of the East India Company, against the Defendant Mr. Michell, who is a Coal Merchant in the Strand, to recover the amount of a promissory note for 85 guineas. The note was duly proved.

Mr. Michell's defence was, that the consideration of this note was money lost by him to Col. Stopford, at Picquet.

Major Auberey said, he knew Colonel Stopford, and had seen him play at Picquet with Mr. Michell, at Margate, in September or October, 1795. The note was dated on the 2d of November in that year. Mr. Michell being a very indifferent player, and Col. Stopford a very expert one, he

he thought it very likely the Colonel had won Mr. Michell's money; but he did not know whether the fact was so.

Mr. Erſkine, in his reply for the Plaintiffs, among other things obſerved, that no man in this country deteſted Gaming more than he did; no man was more ready to acknowledge the obligations the whole public, including himſelf, were under to the Noble and Learned Judge for the part he had taken in the adminiſtration of that branch of juſtice.

After an excellent ſumming up by his Lordſhip, the Jury found a verdict for the Defendant. His Lordſhip ſaid, had he been upon the Jury, he ſhould have given the ſame verdict.——*Verdict for Defendant.*

Trial of LIEUTENANT COLONEL BELL, &c. *for Murder, at the Guildhall of the City of York, before* BARON THOMPSON.

Monday, July 31, 1797.

BRYAN BELL, Eſq. William Cooper Forſter, Eſq. and Owen Evans, Labourer, were indicted for the wilful murder of George Crigan, ſurgeon, the former by ſhooting the ſaid George Crigan with a leaden ball, on the 11th day of June, 1797, in the pariſh of St. Lawrence, near the city of York, and the two latter by being preſent, aiding and abetting the ſaid Bryan Bell.

Bedford Ireland, ſurgeon, was included in the ſame bill of Indictment, for aiding and abetting in the ſaid murder, but did not ſurrender himſelf to take his trial.

Matthew Singleton, ſerjeant in the 46th regiment of foot, (of which Mr. Bell was Lieutenant-Colonel, Mr. Forſter, a Captain, and the deceaſed Mr. Crigan, Surgeon) depoſed, that in the afternoon of Saturday, June 10, he was directed by Colonel Bell to go to Mr. Crigan to get him to ſign a diſcharge for a ſoldier who had been ill: that Mr. Crigan aſked him, if Col. Bell. was at home, alſo if Mr. Forſter was at home? To both which queſtions he replied in the affirmative; that in the evening of the ſame day the witneſs happened to be at Col. Bell's lodgings, where he heard from a room adjoining to that in which he was, Mr. Ireland (Surgeon's Mate to the regiment) and Col. Bell converſing together. That it was not his practice to liſten, but that towards the cloſe of their converſation they talked loud, and he heard Mr. Ireland ſay, "Colonel you muſt make an apology." To which the Colonel replied, "No, Sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no ſuch thing: I ſhall give Mr. Crigan the ſatisfaction he has required." Mr. Ireland anſwered, "Very well, Sir, that's all! I have to ſay to it," and then went away. The witneſs ſoon followed, and in Coney-ſtreet he met Mr. Crigan, and Mr. Ireland going towards the Colonel's lodgings. They ſtopped at the door for about half a minute, but did not go in. Two days before this Col. Bell directed the witneſs to ſend the orderly Serjeant to inform Mr. Crigan that the Colonel wanted to ſpeak to him. He immediately came to the Colonel's lodgings, and the witneſs heard the Colonel ſay to him, "Good morning, Sir, I am ſorry to trouble you by ſending for you, but ſeveral men are reported abſent from the Parade without leave; I wiſh you to be on parade to certify for them. Several ſick men appear in the ſtreets very dirty, I think cleanlineſs would contribute

to their recovery; but I do not wish any soldier to attend who is really sick." Mr. Crigan acquiesced in this. He staid about ten minutes; they appeared on gentlemanly terms. Colonel Bell spoke very mildly.

Gervase Rainey, Esq. a Captain in the 46th regiment of foot, deposed, that on the 11th of June last, betwixt four and five in the morning, Capt. Froster came alone into his bed-room, and said to him, "I must be off immediately, on account of an unfortunate accident. Crigan has called out Bell, who has shot him through the body." He then desired the witness to take charge (as paymaster) of the regimental accounts, during his absence. He told him that Crigan fired first. Col. Bell now came also into the witness's room. He said an unfortunate business had taken place. He was extremely sorry, but he had been forced to it. He appeared much agitated and hurt. While the regiment was laying at Doncaster, Mr. Crigan told the witness he was determined to call on the Colonel for satisfaction, for an affront given by him in the West Indies, whenever he had an opportunity: the witness said he was sorry he should make such a serious affair of it, as it had laid over so long, that he had better let it pass altogether, and that no imputation of blame would lay with him on that account. Crigan replied, that it was a serious thing for a young man to have his character blown upon; that he was resolute to have it settled, and he supposed it would be determined in the field.—Capt. Rainey being asked as to the character of Col. Bell, said, that he was a man of humanity, integrity, and honour, and that he was in every respect a gentleman. On the same question respecting Capt. Forster, he said he stood as high as any man for those qualities. On being shown two letters (afterwards giving in evidence) addressed to Col. Bell, signed George Crigan, he said he knew the signature to be the hand-writing of Mr. Crigan.

James Peter Kingston, Esq. also a Captain in the 46th, deposed, he joined that regiment on the first of January last, at Poole. He was intimate with Crigan, who solicited him to be his second, when an opportunity offered to call out Col. Bell, who then was, and had been for some time, the commanding officer with the regiment; that there is an etiquette among military men, which prevents them from seeking redress for any affront, so long as the gentleman who has given it is the commanding officer with the regiment. The witness declined acceding to his request, and told him it was wrong to harbour resentment so long; he however persisted, and took his advice angrily. He said, "Do you think I will put up with such language, or such ill-treatment?" He told him the affront was given in Martinique, in June, 1796; that he had called on Col. Bell, at his lodgings there, and had asked him if his eggs were hatched (alluding to a bird's nest which was out of the window); to this the Colonel replied, "You must either be drunk or mad! get out of the room!"—On which he retired. On Saturday, June 10, last, Crigan came to this witness's lodgings, to consult him respecting Col. Bell's answer to a demand he had sent him for satisfaction; the answer was, that the Colonel would meet him with his servant. The witness advised Crigan not to accede to this, as he thought a servant was a very

a very improper person to accommodate such an affair, and requested him to let him know if any thing more should be decided that evening. He heard nothing more till Sunday morning, when he found he had been wounded. The witness was with him several times on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and was about to relate the conversation that had passed between them, but as he swore Mr. Crigan had no idea that his dissolution was near, the Court held that those conversations could not be given in evidence, as the law is, that declarations respecting the manner of persons being wounded, &c. can only be received when made under the solemn persuasion that death is approaching. The witness also deposed, that the regiment had been at Tiverton before it went to Poole, and Mr. Crigan told him that Col. Bell either had drank his health, or asked him to join him with a glass of wine, but that he turned away, and took no notice. Whilst at Poole, he endeavoured four or five times to dissuade Crigan from his purpose, but he was still bent on it, and it was in vain to persuade him. That in April last Col. Bell gave Mr. Crigan leave of absecence.—When he was recalled, he was very angry, although the witness told him Col. Bell could not avoid it, as General Scott was his superior officer, and it was in conseqeunce of his orders. That at York Mr. Crigan did not ask him to be his second; that when the affront was given at Martinique, Col. Bell was confined to his room and ill: that Mr. Crigan was of a hasty temper, and that Col. Bell, and Capt. Forster, were men of humanity, integrity, and honour.

Some other Officers proved to the same effect.

DEFENCE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bell addressed the Court in nearly the following words:

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is my great misfortune to appear before you to-day, to answer to a charge of Wilful Murder: an offence which those who are best acquainted with the turn of my mind, and the invariable conduct of my life, will say I am utterly incapable of committing. I have been an Officer in his Majesty's service for the space of twenty-six years, nearly twenty-five of which period, I was employed on foreign service in America, in the West-Indies, at Gibraltar, and in Ireland. It is the highest consolation to my mind, that I am enabled to say, that until this unfortunate affair, I was never engaged in any quarrel whatever; and you will be thoroughly satisfied, that on the present occasion, so far from having been the aggressor, I used every possible means to conciliate Mr. Crigan, and to avert him from a purpose which, if justice to myself did not extort it from me, I would not have said, I fear he had harboured for sometime. He was determined, and I had no choice, but either to quit my profession, and live a life of ignomy, or yield myself to his unjust and importunate calls upon me. No one laments more than I now do, and have ever done, the fate of the deceased; but my conscience is easy in this respect, that it was his conduct, not mine, which produced the event. I will not trouble you with a detail of the transaction; you have in part heard it from the witnesses examined by the Crown, and will be informed of further particulars, but all of them, unfortunately for me, you cannot know, by the witnesses I shall call to you.

The

The result will show, that whatever Mr. Crigan's intentions were towards me, mine were kind and friendly towards him; that I was actuated by no spleen, no rancour, no malice, no unkind disposition towards him, and that what I did was urged to do from the same motive, and the same necessity which have guided the conduct of many good and worthy persons on similar occasions; to whom the benignity of the Law, and the humanity of Juries, in consideration of human infirmity, have been often extended; and I will not suppose that the mercy which others, under like circumstances, have experienced, will be sued for in vain by me. I have been thoroughly informed of the great goodness of your Lordship's heart, and I have the greatest reliance on the humanity of my Jury. Fortified by conscious innocence, myself, my honourable friend, and my faithful servant, have come voluntarily to your Lordship's bar, and have resigned ourselves to the clemency of your Lordship, and of your's, Gentlemen of the Jury. Had we felt any thing like the guilt of Murder, we should scarcely have appeared at this bar to-day, when it was in our power to have avoided a legal trial. What affects me very deeply now, and has given me infinite pain, is, that my worthy friend, Capt. Forster, and my poor servant, are involved in the consequences of this calamitous difference between Mr. Crigan and me: and the circumstance of Capt. Forster being joined with me as a defendant, deprives me of the opportunity of proving, by his evidence, the unfortunate and inadequate cause of Mr. Crigan's resentment; for he was present in the West Indies, consoling me by his conversation and company in a fit of sickness, at the very moment, it seems, Mr. Crigan took offence at something that I had said. His case, and that of my servant, surely deserve the utmost pity. I will add nothing more for myself, but my thanks for the kind attention with which you have heard this address, and respectfully submit my case to your humane consideration.

Capt. Forster left his case to the Court, as did Owen Evans.

The learned Judge summed up the evidence with the greatest accuracy, and commented on the facts with the utmost candour. He stated it was his bounden duty to inform the Jury, that whoever was the challenger, if a duel was deliberately fought, the surviving party was considered by the law as guilty of the crime of murder. He regretted that military men, in their ideas of honour, were so peculiarly circumstanced. He observed, that in this unfortunate case, it appeared to the credit of the survivor, that he was not actuated by malice or resentment; on the contrary, he had considered the youth and inexperience of the deceased, and had behaved to him with propriety, kindness, and humanity. Such had not been the conduct of Mr. Crigan, who had, as it were, sought his own fate, by persisting in his resentment to Col. Bell, for a few words spoken hastily, perhaps, at a time when he was labouring under a severe indisposition, and persevering so long and so steadily in his determination, contrary to the advice of those officers whom he consulted, and who refused to take the challenge; and, after all, going out without informing Capt. Kingston, who had particularly urged the deceased to let him know if any thing further happened.

His Lordship, after stating that no characters could stand higher than

than those of the Colonel and Captain Forster, directed the Jury to take the whole into their consideration, and if they thought favourable of the prisoners, they would exercise the power they had of mitigating the verdict, as to the Colonel, to that of manslaughter; and of acquitting Capt. Forster and Owen Evans.

The Jury, after a consultation of two minutes, returned a verdict of—*Guilty of* MANSLAUGHTER, against Col. Bell; and acquitted Capt. Forster and Owen Evans.

SENTENCE.

Court. "In consideration of "the circumstances of the case, "the Sentence of the Court is, "that you, Bryan Bell, Esq. pay "a fine of Six Shillings and "Eight-pence, and be imprisoned One Month.

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

OXFORD PUNS.

A Formal fellow, going to see an acquaintance at Baliol College, made a thousand scrapes and cringes. "Lord, Tom," said his friend, "you are just like a tree." "How so?" said the other. "Why, because you are so full of *bows.*"

A man being brought before the Vice Chancellor, on an accusation preferred against him, began to *hawk* and *spit.* On being asked what he meant by such insolence, he said he was come to *clear* himself.

On Sunday, August 6, a sudden puff of wind blowing off a lady's bonnet in the Green Park, the fair one, aware of the *indelicacy* of appearing with her head uncovered in public, immediately removed the handkerchief which covered her *bosom*, and adjusted to her *head*, by way of turban. This reminds us of Humphrey Clinker's sweetheart, who, when surprised by her master bathing in the sea, covered her *face* with her hands and ran away.

A great breeder of sheeper, in Somersetshire, was telling a salesman, in Smithfield, that he had got some of the finest wethers that ever wore wool upon their backs: upon which the dealer replied, "Softly, friend *Fleece'em*, don't make a stir about 'em, for if you do the Minister may be in your *mutton.* There's a tax already upon *dogs* and *horses*, and if he should hear of your extraordinary *fine wethers*, who knows but the next scheme that comes into his head may be to lay a tax upon *sheep.*"

A certain ejectment cause brings to recollection an anecdote of the late celebrated Charles Townshend, a near relative of the litigant parties: being informed his Lady was safely delivered of male twins—"By G—d," exclaimed the wit, "it is the first time two brothers of the family were nine months together, before the one kicked the other out of doors."

A Cockney, after describing the gaiety and pleasures of Weymouth, pathetically laments that the streets are badly lighted for the *Londoners.* This is like the Scots Highland Laird, who, after a splendid entertainment, feeling the want of his usual fare, exclaimed, "Och! och! where be the cheese and the whiskey?"

At

At the Norfolk Assizes, a curious action was brought for defamation. The wife of a shoemaker lost seven cheeses, and went to a *cunning woman* to discover the thief; the witch informed her that the culprit had a mark on her nose. On this, Crispin's dame accused the wife of a Mr. Bailey, who happened to have a scar upon her nose, with the robbery; much abuse ensued, and an action for damages was the consequence; but the prosecution appeared so frivolous, that the Judge directed a verdict to be found for the defendant.

PROJECTORS.

A projector at Hamburgh, lately made proposals to the Magistracy for their patronage, to enable him to carry into effect a machine which he had invented to fix in houses, &c. to give notice of the approach of thieves It was not only infallible in awaking any person asleep, but would, at the same time, ring a bell, strike a light, or, if required, fire a gun, without the necessity of the family getting out of bed. Nothing, according to the inventor, could equal the simplicity of its construction. But notwithstanding that, he warned the public to beware of counterfeits. A rival in ways and means asserted, that he had also a machine that would not only perform every thing in common with the former, "but even apprehend and carry the thief before a magistrate, without giving the person robbed any further trouble."

The following extraordinary article is copied from a recent American paper.—Believe it who can :—" A printing press—on a new plan—has lately been invented by Apollus Kinsley, of Hartford, Connecticut. It is affirmed, that although the Press is by no means completed, it has already been so much improved by machinery, as to put the ink on the types, to carry in the paper, and print two sheets at a time; and will also deliver them —well printed—at the rate of more than 2000 sheets in an hour, by the labour of one person only!!!——The usual number of sheets printed on the old presses, by the labour of two persons, do not exceed 250 sheets in an hour!

It was the late Lord Mountmorres, who in the zenith of his patriotism, contended for a *radical* Reform, and, in a speech on the Hustings in Westminster, said, that we ought to lay the *root* to the *axe!*

One of the Right Reverend Bench having very charitably established an alms-house, at his own expence for twenty-five poor women, Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, in his juvenile days, was applied to for an inscription to be placed over the portal of the house; upon which he took up his pencil, and immediately wrote the following :

Under this roof
the Lord Bishop of ——
keeps
no less than 25 women.

ANECDOTE.

When the bust of Garrick, of which there are so many copies, was first made, one of them was sent as a present to Foote. Foote placed it on his *bureau*, and was count-

counting some *money* before it, when Garrick entered the room. "So Foote," says Garrick, "you are not afraid that *my head* should form any designs against *your money?*" "No, Davy," answered Foote, "for your *head* has no *hands.*"

The Irish papers indulge in a witticism about Sir Henry Hayes and Miss Pike. They report, that the Knight is to be tried for *sedition*, for having a *Pike* found unlawfully in his possession.

When Storace was taxed with a *certain affair* at Birmingham, she asked the religious folks whether she was not justified in retiring *A-Braham's* bosom?

In one of the ships that returned from the West-Indies with the sick troops, so many died every day as to continually employ several of the sailors in sewing them up in sacks, and heaving them overboard. An Irishman being rather clumsy, run the needle into the nose of one of the sick men, who instantly called out, "I'm alive, I'm alive." "By J—s," replied the other, "that's nothing to me, for you're *dead upon the purser's books!*"

The Marquis of Buckingham's prudent mode of disposing of his pond-fish, reminds us of a *jeu de mot* of a late Oxonian wit, Tom Warton, who on being told that the Duke of M. had just disposed of his carp and tench at so much per pound, replied, "I am not surprised at it, for I always thought him a d—d *sel-fish* fellow."

Lady Augusta Murray is down at Bognor with a little *white haired* boy in pantaloons, whom she calls his *Royal Highness!*

There is a beautiful *child* tenderly bringing up in the house of an elegant *widowed* Duchess, that has excited the greatest curiosity throughout the family, but without the smallest discovery from *whence it came*, or of *whom it sprang!*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday the 5th of August, Lieutenant Francis Buckly, of the Loyal British Fencibles, in the island of Jersey, was killed in a duel with Captain Smith, of the same Regiment. After exchanging several shots, the deceased received his antagonist's ball in his right side, and died almost instantly. The cause of this unfortunate affair is said to have arisen from a quarrel between Captain S. and the deceased, in which the former received a blow from the latter, who imagined that Captain S. had made use of improper language to him. This unfortunate gentleman has left a wife and two children, a brother, a Lieutenant in the same regiment, and aged parents, to lament his unhappy fate.

A duel took place on Monday morning, Aug. 14, near Hammersmith, between Col. Gr—n and Adjutant Jones. The circumstances of the transaction are these: Col. G. having used an expression which was conceived to throw a reflection on the British Government and officers, Adjutant Jones, as a British officer in the line, challenged

lenged him, and on Monday morning last the parties met. They stood at ten paces, and fired by the word of command, when the Colonel's first fire struck off part of the Adjutant's lapel and button; at the second fire the Adjutant wounded the Colonel in the groin; the ball has since been extracted, and the Colonel is in a fair way of recovery.

Monday, August 21, a duel took place near Gunnersbury House, between Lieut. Mackenzie, late of the 20th regiment, and Mr. Beal, Surgeon. These gentlemen came home passengers in the last Jamaica Fleet; the dispute occurred during the voyage, when General Witlock, Major Davis, and other officers, endeavoured to adjust the difference, but without effect. The parties having met in consequence, and fired at the same time, Mr. Beal was severely wounded by his adversary's ball, which entered deeply into the groin. He was brought up to town, and the wound was examined by Messrs. Fearon and Rush; but their endeavours to discover the ball have as yet proved ineffectual. Mr. Beal was attended to the field by his brother. Mr. Mackenzie and his second have absconded.

COURT MARTIAL *at* AYR, SCOTLAND.

At a General Court Martial, held at Ayr, on Wednesday, the 5th day of July last, and following days, whereof Colonel the Earl of Darlington was present, for the trial of Captain Charles Gordon, of the 6th (or North) Fencible Regiment of Foot, charged by Lieutenant-Colonel John Woodford, of the said Regiment.

1st. With violently assaulting and striking the said Lieutenant-Colonel John Woodford, his Commanding Officer, in the street of Ayr, upon the 15th day of June last, in breach of the fifth article of the second section of the Articles of War.

2d. For ungentlemanlike behaviour, in running behind, and violently striking and wounding the said Commanding Officer, with a stick in the nature of a bludgeon, when he was in no state of self-defence, in breach of the twenty-second article of the sixteenth section of the Articles of War.

3d. For disobedience of orders and breach of arrest, in refusing to return with the Adjutant to head-quarters, and going to Edinburgh, in breach of the twenty-first article of the sixteenth section of the Articles of War.

SENTENCE.

The Court, upon full consideration of the evidence, and the whole matters before them, were of opinion, that the prisoner is guilty upon each of the charges exhibited against him, in breach of the Articles of War on which the said charges are laid, and that he is liable to punishment accordingly, on which account they adjudged him to be cashiered;—but in consideration of the aggravated circumstances attendant upon the case, from an unfortunate family dispute, the Court humbly requested General Lord Adam Gordon to recommend to his Majesty, that the punishment may be so far mitigated, that the prisoner, Captain Gordon, shall only be obliged to give in his resignation to Lieutenant Colonel Woodford, for him to forward to his Colonel the Duke of Gordon.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Adjutant-General's Office, Edinburgh, Aug. 11.

The whole of the proceedings of the aforesaid General Court Mar- King, his Majesty has been pleased to signify to General Lord Adam Gordon, that, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, in which his Majesty sees much to lament, and much to blame, he has not

 thought

thought fit to ratify the ſentence of the Court Martial in its full extent, with reference to each of the articles of charge; but conſidering it to be inconſiſtent with the harmony of the corps, and in point of example, with the neceſſary ſupport of diſcipline, that Captain Gordon ſhould retain his commiſſion in the Regiment of North Fencible Highlanders, his Majeſty is pleaſed to direct that it be ſignified to him, that his Majeſty has *no farther occaſion for his ſervice as a Captain in the ſaid Regiment.*

It is General Lord Adam Gordon's order, that the foregoing charges and ſentence, with his Majeſty's pleaſure ſignified thereupon, be circulated to the Regular and Fencible Forces in North Britain, and entered in the Orderly Books of the reſpective corps.

By General Lord Adam Gordon's command.

MILITARY EXECUTION.

The following ſavage and brutal circumſtance is ſtated as an abſolute *fact*:——Some time ſince Captain Lucas, of the county of Monaghan militia, received a letter in Belfaſt, where his regiment was quartered, that his wife, then in the county of Armagh, was dangerouſly ill; and he got a few days leave of abſence, in order to go to ſee her. On the high road in the county of Armagh, he was met by Col. Sparrow, and two dragoons. Col. Sparrow aſked him immediately, "what fellow, he was?" Capt. Lucas replied, "he was Captain Lucas of the Monaghan militia." "By Heaven (ſays Sparrow) I don't care who you are; you ſhall come with me as a priſoner to the guard-houſe in Tandenagee." "Why (ſays Capt. Lucas) I give you my honour that I am Captain Lucas of the Monaghan Militia."—"O damn me if I care! you muſt come with me."—"Well, Sir, (replied Captain Lucas) if I muſt go, I give you warning, you ſhall hereafter, give me the ſatisfaction of a gentleman for thus treating me." Colonel Sparrow inſtantly ordered the dragoons to fire, but they refuſed. Col. Sparrow then drew his ſword, and gave him a cut in the face, which laid him open from ear to ear, and cut out four of his teeth; he then made another cut, and hit the face of the horſe on which Capt. Lucas was riding, in a moſt ſhocking manner.

Captain Lucas was not quite dead when this account came away, but it is impoſſible he can ſurvive: the horſe died inſtantaneouſly.

The dragoons are both ready to prove theſe facts, and that Capt. Lucas never ſpoke an offenſive word. Capt. Lucas, who was ſo treated, is next heir to the Caſtle-Slane eſtate of 6000l. per annum, after the death of his nephew, who is now a boy about nine years of age.

This month three horſes, the property of Mr. Henry Langsford, of Exmouth, Devon, thruſt open the door of a ſtable belonging to an uninhabited houſe, where there was neither food nor litter: when the door faſtening upon them, they were confined for eight or ten days before they were diſcovered; when found, they were nearly ſtarved.

At the Glouceſter aſſizes, there were two actions in which Lord Berkeley's name was again brought forward about killing game. Lord Kenyon ſaid he was tired of hearing the name of that nobleman on trials of a ſimilar nature.

Mr.

Mr. Elderfield, of the Angel Inn, Reading, is the fortunate holder of a quarter of the ticket, No. 7940, drawn a prize of 10,000l in the Irish Lottery, the 21st day of drawing.

On Wednesday, August 16, was played a Grand Match of Cricket between eleven Gentlemen of Stansted, Herts, and eleven Gentlemen of Waltham Abbey, Essex, which was won by the former, and four men to spare; when a challenge was given to play any town in the county of Herts, except Hoddesdon and Ware.

State of the Game.

Waltham Abbey.		Stansted.	
First Innings	57	First Innings	59
Second ditto	58	Second ditto	57
	115		116

And four wickets to go down.

His Majesty's return from Weymouth always precedes, by a day or two, his appearance with the stag hounds on the first grand (Holyrood, Sept. 25) day of the season.

Venison has been more plentiful this season, than for several years past. On a medium of 16 summers, the present has been productive of finer bucks in the Royal as well as private Parks.

On Tuesday the 15th of August, a match was ran over at Newmarket, between Mr. Burgh's Cricketer, and Mr. Corrie's Bob, carrying twelve stone each, for one hundred guineas, the best of three four-mile heats, *play* or *pay*; when, after three heats of desperate running, (*head* and *neck*) it terminated in favour of Mr. Corrie, who won by the third of a length only. The odds at starting, were five to four upon Cricketer.

At the commencement of the breeding season, six-and-thirty brace of hares were removed by order of his Majesty, from Bushey and Richmond to Windsor Great Park; where, if they have multiplied in proportion to their original number, no want of sport will be experienced with the Harriers, who form a *secondary* consideration in the Royal Chace.

A few days since, as Mrs. Ironside, widow of the late Rev. William Ironside, of Houghton-le-spring, in the county of Durham, accompanied by her son-in-law, John Grant, Esq. of Rothymarcus, in the county of Inverness, was travelling in a phaeton towards the latter place, the bits of the bridles were taken out of the horses mouths to give them some water, when they took fright, the carriage was over-turned, and Mrs. Ironside killed on the spot. Mr. Grant was considerably bruised, but is in a fair way of recovery. Mrs. Grant, with her infant child and maid were in another carriage, spectators of this unfortunate event.

A hen canary bird, belonging to a shoe-maker in Aberdeen, brought forth out of sixteen eggs, twelve birds, nine of which are living. A pigeon belonging to a weaver in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, laid sixteen eggs, three of which rotted, and from the other thirteen eggs, she brought thirteen pigeons.

The

The Duke of Bedford goes on with his practical experiments in agriculture at Woburn, with unabating spirit; they are upon the most extensive scale, and executed on the best established principles of the highest cultivated counties; and the communication to all agricultural visitors are made by his Grace's orders with the utmost liberality and attention.

At Worcester races, appeared the venerable William Hyde, of Hopton Wafers, in Shropshire, who is now in his 104th year! He rode from that place to Mr. Burwick's hospitable mansion at Hallow, from whence he walked daily to the race ground. In his cottage on the side of the Cleehill, he has passed this long and peaceful life, in the parish which gave him birth. After the age of 70, he wandered into Wiltshire to see his sons, and walked on the first day of his journey from his home to Newport, in Gloucestershire, a distance of near fifty miles. He lived 68 years with one wife.

ANECDOTES.

Spanish gallantry, such as led to the idea that a Queen of Spain had no legs, has been embarrassed in more than one instance; D. Juan Vitrian, on his commentary upon Comines has an anecdote of Lady Juana, sister of Philip of Spain, afterwards wife of Don John of Portugal; stating, that being one day hunting, she fell from her horse, which Philip hearing of, did not enquire whether she had sustained any hurt, but *si cayo honesta*, if she fell decently? To satisfy this curiosity, the answer given was, *qui honestissima*, in the most decent manner possible; but having afterwards learnt quite the contrary, and that to cover her *verguaneas* the attendants nearest her were obliged to throw her their cloaks. Philip issued an order that no Lady should ride except in a carriage either in city or country; and it is added, that if a similar accident had happened to his wife, instead of his sister, he would have put an end to her existence!!

The Duke de Villa Real had a mistress whom he adored, and a wife to whom he was more than indifferent. The mistress was young and tender; the Duchess had ceased to be one, and had never been the other. One evening the mistress insulted the Duchess at the comedy: the audience resented it. The favourite called upon the Duke for protection—The Duke turned her out of the box by the shoulders, telling her he would never forgive any one for wanting respect to his wife; and that whatever might be his follies, he had not that of preferring any thing in a woman to her virtue! The story is true, and we recommend it *to those whom it may concern.*

SAILING MATCH.

The sailing match between the Mercury and Providence was decided in favour of the former, by beating her adversary one hour and forty seven minutes. They started from the Gun Tavern, Blackwall, at a quarter before five o'clock on Friday morning, August 11, went round the Nore light, and the Mercury returned again to Blackwall by a quarter past three the same afternoon, having sailed the amazing distance of 130 miles in nine hours and an half.

Friday

Friday August 11, a fishmonger in Oxford-street, cleaning a cod-fish, found in its belly a purse, containing two guineas and three shillings.

A GORMANDIZER.

Tuesday August 8, Edward Ryley, of Stafford, labourer, died in consequence of eating and drinking inordinately, at a dinner given that day by E. Drakeford, Esq. to a number of men who had been working at his marl-pits.

On Sunday morning, August 6, one of the large springs upon which the mail box rests, belonging to the York mail-coach, snapped in pieces, about a mile from Wandsford. The passengers were immediately got out; but while they were assisting the guard and coachman to chain up the body of the coach, the horses took fright and ran off full gallop with the coach for above a mile, and passed over a narrow bridge before they were stopped, which was effected by the coachman at the risk of his life; for as soon as the horses set off, he caught hold of the hind part of the carriage, and raised himself to the guard's seat, to which he clung till after they had crossed the bridge, and were ascending a little hill, when he crawled over the coach to the box, and from thence down upon the pole, where getting hold of the reins, he fortunately stopped their further progress, else in all probability both coach and horses would have been dashed to pieces.

On Friday August 4, a dragoon horse, fell over a part of the cliff near Hastings, and alighting upon a thatched hut on the beach beneath, in which two little children were asleep, beat in the roof and almost covered the sleeping infants with rubbish, from which, however extraordinary it may appear, they were shortly after taken out without having received any other injury than very trifling bruises. The horse also, having his fall thus broken, escaped unhurt.

A circumstance of a very peculiar nature is reported of a Mr. M. who some time ago formed a tender connection with a young lady by whom he had a child. The father of the young gentleman, who is very opulent, declared that he would disinherit his son, if he did not break off the connection.—The love between the parties was ardent and mutual; the son heard the injunction with grief, and with tears promised to act conformable to the wishes of the father. But his resolution forsook him, and as he had just finished his school studies, in which the young lady made also a great proficiency, he had recourse to the singular stratagem of inducing her to assume male attire, and enter with him as a Fellow Commoner in the University of Oxford. The young Lady being received as such, went through the rigours and discipline of an University education; she applied herself closely to the dead languages, and in Greek and Latin became a considerable proficient. For a year she was never seen without the doors of her chamber, except by her lover; and the approbation of the University, besides several premiums, crowned her classical labours.—When the parties had finished at Oxford, the Gentleman with his fair friend, entered the Middle Temple, where they were Students. In Term time she regularly dined in the Hall, and in the Vacation in different coffee-houses

houses with her friend. She has paid great attention to the law, and in legal disquisition is said to be a subtle disputant. At George's coffee-house, her talents more than once, have exposed the ignorance of certain stripling Barristers—After such constancy, few minds, we hope, are prepared to imagine the fate of the fair unfortunate; for she is now abandoned by her lover, a prey to grief, and with acquirements that, in her sex, are rendered almost useless in her progress through life by the custom of the world. The mother of the Gentleman has settled an annuity on her, but the philosophy of the schools does not prevent her from being inconsolable.

Lately died near Exeter, in an advanced age, James Pitman, Esq. a man so penurious as almost to deny himself and his family the common necessaries of life, although he died possessed of property to the amount of 200,000l.! accumulated, for the most part, by avarice, and the oppressions of his relations and tenants. For many years past he lived in a small cottage, acting under the impression that saving is getting, and let to rent the family mansion house, because he chose to forego the comforts which wealth produces, and to shut out hospitality from the family at large. A few years ago he was made one of the Justices of the Peace for the county, but soon perceiving the smallness of the perquisites accruing from the office, his mercenary ambition led him to commit numberless paltry depredations on the purses of the poor individuals who solicited from him an equal distribution of the laws; at length, however, he was ignominiously rejected from the list of Justices. This debasement of his public character did not check his usual avaricious career; he even went so far as to treat his children, who had independent fortunes, which must have devolved on him at their death, with such inhumanity, that they absolutely sunk under the weight of his usage, and died, untimely, in early youth. On his death bed he would not permit the usual attendants on sickness to be near him; nor would he suffer even *a farthing rush-light* to shed its dim rays round its thatched walls. To sum up his character, it may be affirmed, that in him each natural feeling was sacrificed to gold; and that, as he lived detested by society, he died amid the silent rejoicings of his friends.

Two dogs, a spaniel and pointer, the property of Mr. Bishop, of Waterford, lately strayed from their home, and having in a wood in the neighbourhood found a hare, ran her until midnight, when, from the darkness that pervaded, they were precipitated into a pit, from whence they had no means of escape; in this situation the poor animals were discovered alive, after seventeen days absence, during which time it is impossible they could receive any food.

Tuesday, August, 22, a pitched battle was fought on Sunbury Common, between Bartholomew and Owen, for twenty-five guineas a-side, which terminated in favour of the former after a severe contest of thirty minutes. The amateurs never experienced, in the annals of bruising, so well contested a battle. The odds were five to four, and six to four in favour of Owen. A great number of admirers of pugilism were present, but we did not recognize the Duke of H——.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE ANGLER's PROGRESS;

WRITTEN BY MR. H. BOAZ,

To the Tune of the Ploughboy.

I.

WHEN I was a mere *School-boy*, (ere yet I'd learn'd my book)
I felt an itch for Angling in every little brook;
An oſier rod, ſome thread for line, a crooked pin for hook,
And thus equipp'd I *angled*, in every little brook;
Where *prickle-backs* and *minnows*, each day I caught in ſtore,
With *ſtoneloaches* and *miller's thumbs*, thoſe brooks afford no more:
And thus the little Angler, (with crooked pin for hook)
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring brook.

II.

Then next I bought ſome farthing hooks, and eke a horſe-hair line;
An hazle rod, with whalebone top, my play-mates to outſhine:
With which I ſoon aſpired, to angle with a float;
And where I could not fiſh from ſhore, I angl'd from a boat:
Then *roach* and *dace*, and *bleak* I took, and *gudgeons* without end;
And now and then a *pearch* I'd hook, which made my rod to bend.
And thus the little Angler, (pleas'd with his line and hook)
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring brook.

III.

Bream, *chub*, and *barble*, next I ſought, their various haunts I try'd,
With ſcower'd *worms*, *greaves*, *cheeſe* and *paſte*, and various bates beſide;
With hooks of *kirby-bent* (well choſe), and gut that's round and fine,
So by gradations thus I roſe to fiſh with running line:
A multiplying winch I bought, wherewith my ſkill to try,
And ſo expert myſelf I thought, few with me now cou'd vie:
And thus the little Angler, with rod and line and hook,
Wou'd ſhun each noiſy *wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring brook.

IV.

My mind on *trolling*, now intent, with live and dead ſnap-hook:
Seldom to the rivers went, but *pike* or *jack* I took,
Near banks of *bulruſh*, *ſedge* and *reed*; (a dark and windy day):
And if the *pike* were on their feed, I rarely miſs'd my prey.
If baits are freſh, and proper ſize, no matter what's the ſort,
At *gudgeons*, *roach*, or *dace* they'll riſe; with all by turns, I've ſport:
So now a dextrous Angler, with rod and line, and hook
I ſhunn'd each noiſy *wrangler*, to fiſh the murm'ring brook.

V.

And now to caſt a *fly-line* well, became my chiefeſt wiſh;
I ſtrove each ſportſman to excel; and cheat the nimble *fiſh*:

Now *trout* and *greyling* I could kill, (if gloomy was the day)
And *salmon* also, at my will, became an easy prey:
Now *flies* and *palmers* I could dress, *aquatic insects* too,
And all their various seasons guess, their uses well I knew:
So now a dextrous Angler, with rod and line, and hook,
I shunn'd each noisy *wrangler*, to fish the murm'ring brook.

VI.

So now to close this charming scene, which none like sportsmen feel;
Be sure you keep the *golden mein*, nor arm your hearts with steel:
The fish with moderation take, and to the Fair be kind;
And ne'er with them your promise break, but virtue keep in mind:
So *Wives* and *Sweethearts* now let's drink, let each man fill his glass,
And may we never speak or think, to disconcert our lass.—
Then when our lines are all worn out, and *feeble* grows the *hook*,
They'll ne'er forget the Angler, that *angled* in the brook.
They'll ne'er forget the Angler, that *angled* in the brook.

THE MATCH BOY.

A Favourite New Song,

Sung by MR. DIGNUM, *at Vauxhall Gardens.*

Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.

The Words by Mr. VINT.

YE wealthy and proud, while in splendor you roll,
Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan;
And learn, tho' now doom'd to Misfortune's controul,
He springs, like yourselves, from the fountain of Man.
So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,
Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight;
Then, O! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

Remember, tho' Luxury cloys you by day,
And pampers you nightly on pillows of down,
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
Obscuring your pleasures with Poverty's frown.
While Apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
The tinder of Feeling you never can light,
Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

And you, ye proud Fair of this ocean-girt land,
With beauty external, so gifted by Fate,
Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,
Prove also your mental endowments are great.
The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,
Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight;
Then, O! give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "Buy my matches! from morning to night.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
Scribere versiculos, amore perculsum gravi.

I ENVY yon Beggar, that ragged and pale
Intreats from the stranger his aid,
I envy the Seaman that spreads his white sail,
And drives on his dangerous trade!

The Gamester that sets on one hazardous cast,
And braves the last arrow of fate,
Feels one bitter pang, but that pang is his last,
Which closes his wavering state!

The Hero, whose arms in the blood-sprinkled plain,
Have borne the first laurels away,
When defeat overtakes him, and valour proves vain,
Still hopes to recover the day.

But he that has sought the soft transports of Love,
And falls in the too tempting snare,
Has built him a dungeon no time can remove,
And bows to the Jailor Despair!

As

As the Stag that is wounded, hides far in the gloom,
Or plunges deep in the tide;
In vain shuns the herd, and laments his sad doom,
He bears the sharp steel in his side!

So Love disappointed, embitters the day,
We weep what we cannot reveal,
The Heart will still bleed, tho' its Lord be grown grey,
And nurse what it's doom'd to conceal!

TROILUS.

On the temporary STOPPAGE *of the* CURRENCY *of the* SPA BANK, *at* CHELTENHAM, *20th of July*, 1797.

SCURVY *loquitur.*

DISEASES! rejoice—tho' we dance not, let's sing,
For our foe is exhausted, *that* health-giving *spring.*

Ep. 2.

Salt, sulphur, and steel,
No more shall ye heal,
And rid sickly folk of their ails;
For relief they must fly,
To the Galens hard by,
And take Glauber draughts for their t—.

Ep. 3.

Mourn*, hapless Cloacina! mourn,
†Thy *Heralds—Suns*—and *Stars* un-torn;
Flow tears saline from every eye,
Thy Chelt's fam'd stream, alas! is dry,

* Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, and laurels torn.
Smollet's Elegy in 1745.

† Newspapers in great request at the throne of the Goddess.

LATINE REDITA.

Epigramma 1.

Gaudete, O Socii! redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam fluere illustri fonte recusat aqua.

Ep, 2.

Sal—ferrum—sulphur non amplius ilia ducunt,
Glauberi stomacho ductile sal det opem.

Sapphicè.

Sal, chalybs, sulphur solitam quitem
Non dabunt ventri! quid agedum amice?
Quære Glauberi sal amarum, et inde
Auxilium in fer.

Ep. 3.

O unquàm doleas,——unquàm! Cloacina! dolebis,
Non iterum *Soles* oculi, *Stellasve* videbunt,
Neve tuo à solio fumanti ad æthera sulphur
Ascendet: Madidas Portas Cheldevia clausit
Nympha: sed hæc remanet nobis spes *fortè** recludet.

* Mrs Forty. Naidæ ancilla

CAPT. SNUG.

AIR—Mrs. BLAND.

In the ITALIAN MONK.

DARK was the night, the children slept,
Poor Mary climb'd the cottage stair,
And at her chamber window wept,
And plac'd a little taper there.
"Why does he tarry thus?" she cried:
"Alas! what pains do I endure!
"Heav'n grant this taper be his guide
"And lead him safe across the moor."

At length his well-known step she hears:
"He comes my terror to remove!
"My William comes, to dry my tears!"
And down she flies to meet her love.
William all pale and bloody stood,
Sighed out—"Alas! no more we meet;
"I'm stabb'd by robbers in the wood,"—
And fell a corse at Mary's feet!

IMITATION OF THE FIFTH ODE OF ANACREON.

WITH the plant of Love, the Rose,
Let us tinge our sparkling wine;
With the fairest flower that blows
Let us blushing crowns entwine;
And while laughing Bacchus flows
Sorrow to the winds consign.

Fragrant Rose! thou sweetest flow'r,
Daughter of the perfum'd spring!
Priz'd by Gods at Banquet hour,
Moving in the Graces ring;
Crown'd with roses, Venus' boy
Shakes his wreath, and smiles for joy!
Hither as my sportive lyre
Bromian Bacchus shall inspire.
Let the lovely girl advance,
For the mazy, winding dance;
Tuck'd above her knee the vest,
Hair unbound and open breast;
Whilst her limbs to music gay,
Each soft lurking charm display.

A RECEIPT FOR MODERN DRESS.

TO describe, in its dressing, the taste of the time,
(To answer your purpose, and fill up my rhyme)
Your choice must be made for a figure exempler,
Of a Captain, a Cit, Macaroni, or Templar.
Let his figure be slender, and lounging, and slim,
Confoundedly formal, and awkwardly trim.
Hang a hat on his head; let it squint fiercely down,
And be cut, flash'd and scollop'd, and par'd to the crown.
And when you would try to embellish his hair,
Let your fingers be quick, and your powder be fair;
Be-friz it, and paste it, and cut it, and curl it,
Now slope it in ranges, in rollers now furl it.
For the head of a Fribble or Beau (without doubt)
Having nothing within, should have something without.
For a coat, give him something so *outré* in shape,
So awkward, so strange—'twould disfigure an ape;
A thing nor a coat, nor a frock, nor a jacket,
All waist to the bottom, at bottom all pocket;
What the brain of a Frenchman alone could produce,
Without grace, without ornament, beauty, or use.

For taste, if you mean to display your regard,
Let his breeches be spotted, like panther or pard:
Which will prove what old Æsop oft' us'd to express,
That an ass may look fierce in a masquerade dress.
Nor forget that his breeches be roomy between 'em,
'Twill shew that a great deal is wanting *within* 'em.
Let his shoes be cut forward as far as his toe,
And his buckles be small, and as round as an O.
Thus equipp'd, turn him out to the park, or the street,
He will toss with his head, he will sprawl with his feet,
Be as arrant a puppy as R——n or R——lli,
And vie with the blockheads at A——r's in folly.

H. H—dly, Shelford.

EPIGRAMS.

On the Chapel at Woburn Abbey being converted into a Wine Cellar.

AT this *apparent* want of grace,
Let zealous Bigots rail and sneer:
The Chapel's *still* a sacred place;—
Good spirits still assemble here!

On the great Quantity of Venison in Woburn Park.

In Woburn Park (I'll not repine)
The deer are very many:
Don't ask me, "if the *flavour's* fine,"—
I never tasted any.

WOBURN. E. T. P.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

Ned robb'd: confess'd it; was acquitted: Why?
The Jury knew, Ned always us'd to lie.